

SCREENLAND

APRIL 1925

PRICE 25 CENTS



MARIE PREVOST, *Allisoncolor* by Nickolas Muray

A Chance in the Movies—Page 27

The Most Daring Book Ever Written!

Elinor Glyn, famous author of "Three Weeks," has written an amazing book that should be read by every man and woman—married or single. "The Philosophy of Love" is not a novel—it is a penetrating searchlight fearlessly turned on the most intimate relations of men and women. Read below how you can get this daring book at our risk—without advancing a penny.

WILL you marry the man you love, or will you take the one you can get?

If a husband stops loving his wife, or becomes infatuated with another woman, who is to blame—the husband, the wife, or the "other woman?"

Will you win the girl you want, or will Fate select your Mate?

Should a bride tell her husband what happened at seventeen?

Will you be able to hold the love of the one you cherish—or will your marriage end in divorce?

Do you know how to make people like you?

IF you can answer the above questions—if you know all there is to know about winning a woman's heart or holding a man's affections—you don't need "The Philosophy of Love." But if you are in doubt—if you don't know just how to handle your husband, or satisfy your wife, or win the devotion of the one you care for—then you must get this wonderful book. You can't afford to take chances with your happiness.

What Do YOU Know About Love?

DO you know how to win the one you love? Do you know why husbands, with devoted, virtuous wives, often become secret slaves to creatures of another "world"—and how to prevent it? Why do some men antagonize women, finding themselves beating against a stone wall in affairs of love? When is it dangerous to disregard convention? Do you know how to curb a headstrong man, or are you the victim of men's whims?

What Every Man and Woman Should Know

- how to win the man you love.
- how to win the girl you want.
- how to hold your husband's love.
- how to make people admire you.
- why "petting parties" destroy the capacity for true love.
- why many marriages end in despair.
- how to hold a woman's affection.
- how to keep a husband home nights.
- things that turn men against you.
- how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon.
- the "danger year" of married life.
- how to ignite love—how to keep it flaming—how to rekindle it if burnt out.
- how to cope with the "hunting instinct" in men.
- how to attract people you like.
- why some men and women are always lovable, regardless of age.
- are there any real grounds for divorce?
- how to increase your desirability in a man's eye.
- how to tell if someone really loves you.
- things that make a woman "cheap" or "common."



ELINOR GLYN
"The Oracle of Love"

Do you know how to retain a man's affection always? How to attract men? Do you know the things that most irritate a man? Or disgust a woman? Can you tell when a man really loves you—or must you take his word for it? Do you know what you **MUST NOT DO** unless you want to be a "wall flower" or an "old maid"? Do you know the little things that make women like you? Why do "wonderful lovers" often become thoughtless husbands soon after marriage—and how can

the wife prevent it? Do you know how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon?

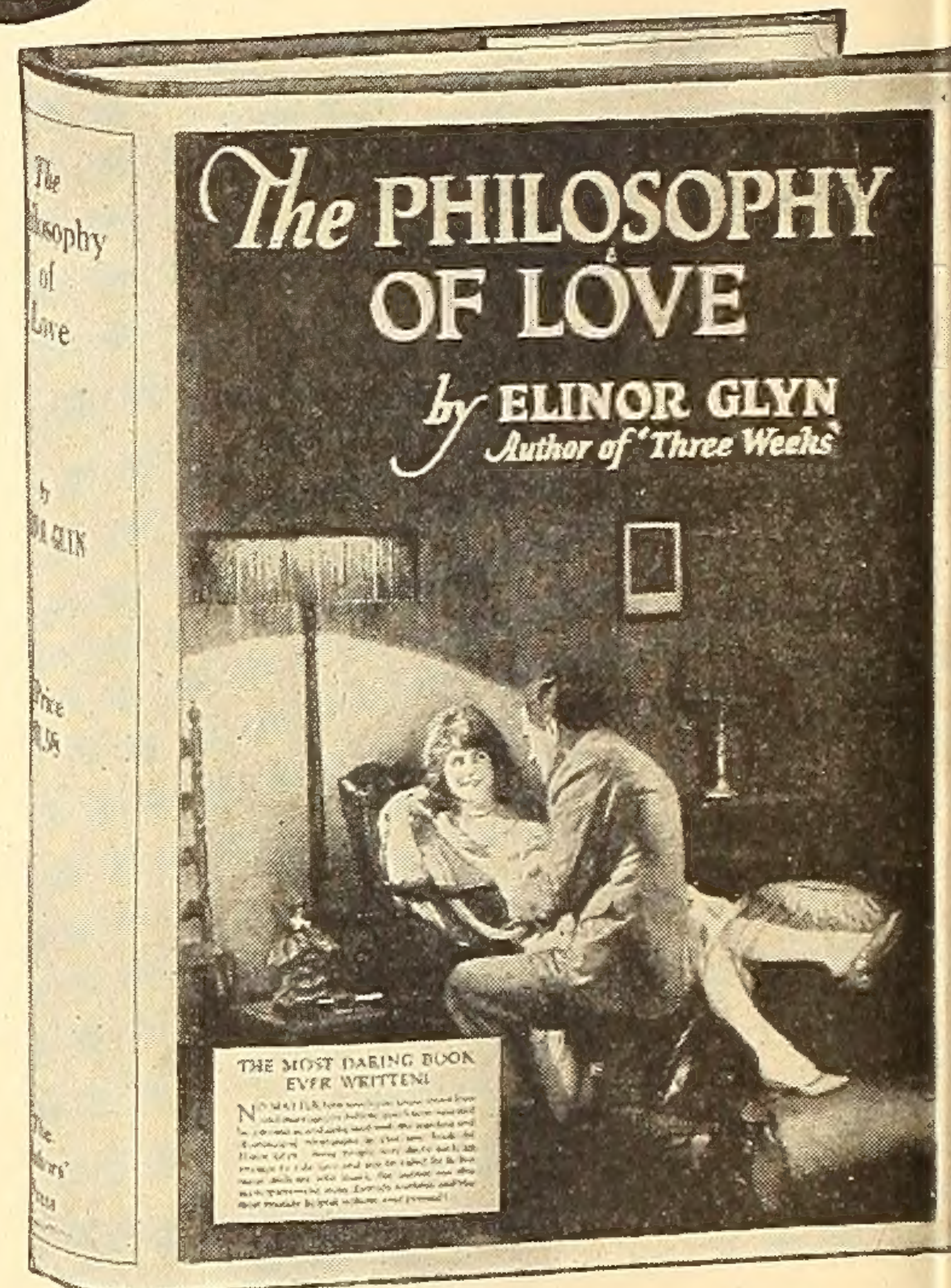
In "The Philosophy of Love," Elinor Glyn courageously solves the most vital problems of love and marriage. She places a magnifying glass unflinchingly on the most intimate relations of men and women. No detail, no matter how avoided by others, is spared. She warns you gravely, she suggests wisely, she explains fully.

"The Philosophy of Love" is one of the most daring books ever written. It had to be. A book of this type, to be of real value, could not mince words. Every problem had to be faced with utter honesty, deep sincerity, and resolute courage. But while Madame Glyn calls a spade a spade—while she deals with strong emotions and passions in her frank, fearless manner—she nevertheless handles her subject so tenderly and sacredly that the book can safely be read by any man or woman. In fact, anyone over eighteen should be *compelled* to read "The Philosophy of Love"; for, while ignorance may sometimes be bliss, it is folly of the most dangerous sort to be ignorant of the problems of love and marriage. As one mother wrote us: "I wish I had read this book when I was a young girl—it would have saved me a lot of misery and suffering."

Certain shallow-minded persons may condemn "The Philosophy of Love." Anything of such an unusual character generally is. But Madame Glyn is content to rest her world wide reputation on this book—the greatest masterpiece of love ever attempted!

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YOU need not advance a single penny for "The Philosophy of Love." Simply fill out the coupon below—or write a letter—and the book will be sent to you on approval. When the postman delivers the book to your door—when it is actually in your hands—pay him only \$1.98, plus a few pennies postage, and the book is yours. Go over it to your heart's content—read it from cover to cover—and if you are not more than pleased, simply send the book



WARNING!

The publishers do not care to send "The Philosophy of Love" to anyone under eighteen years of age. So, unless you are over eighteen, please do not fill out the coupon below.

back in good condition within five days and your money will be refunded instantly.

Over 75,000,000 people have read Elinor Glyn's stories or have seen them in the movies. Her books sell like magic. "The Philosophy of Love" is the supreme culmination of her brilliant career. It is destined to sell in huge quantities. Everybody will talk about it everywhere. So it will be exceedingly difficult to keep the book in print. It is possible that the present edition may be exhausted, and you may be compelled to wait for your copy, unless you mail the coupon below **AT ONCE**. We do not say this to hurry you—it is the truth.

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SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS

ITS CAUSES AND HOW IT CAN BE CURED

By Robert W. Beatty

A SHORT time ago I was interviewing (on a matter of business) the President of one of the biggest business concerns in the Middle West. In the course of our talk there was a timid knock on the door. Responding to the President's, "Come in," the door was slowly opened, and a gray head came into view.

This gray head belonged to a man who (I learned later) had been employed by the firm for over thirty years. He took a matter of business with the President, answering promptly every question put to him, but in a peculiarly timid manner. When he left the room, the President said to me:

"There's a beautiful example of a man gone wrong; I've always been as sweet as molasses to him, but he acts as if I were going to bite his head off. That man could easily earn \$20,000 a year; he could be one of the best business men in this part of the country; but he will never amount to anything because he is so confoundedly self-conscious."

"It's what's wrong with most people," he reflected. "They are too self-conscious. They are afraid of everything and everybody—yes, even themselves. There isn't a man or woman living who cannot think thoughts worth fortunes. But they lack the spark of self-confidence which makes the difference between the DOER and the DREAMER. That man who was just in here really knows more about this business than I do. His judgment is better than mine. But he wouldn't run this business for a month because he's so confoundedly busy thinking about what others are saying or thinking about him, that he misses the main point of doing things for himself. I sympathize with him deeply, because when I was young, I was very much that way myself. But I made myself get over it. I realized that all the ambition in the world—all the knowledge in the world—can't help a man if he is everlastingly apologetic, shy, self-conscious."

How true that comment is! Wherever you go, confidence almost always counts more than ability. The self-conscious man can never do himself justice. Before superiors in business, he quails; with prospective customers he is vanquished by the first "No"; in the presence of strangers he retires into a shell; in the homes of cultured people he is embarrassed by the slightest word; and sometimes in the presence of one of the opposite sex, he makes the proverbial ass of himself.

But what can be done about Self-consciousness? What is it? Can it be cured? James Alexander, an eminent English psychologist, in a remarkable work called "The Cure of Self-Consciousness," points out not only that it CAN be cured, but shows exactly HOW, no matter how deep-rooted the trouble.

The work is published in three convenient pocket size volumes.

Mr. Alexander analyzes the subject of self-consciousness in all its elements; he explains all the psychological causes of self-consciousness; he then analyzes different ways in which Self-Consciousness is exhibited. This enables the reader to analyze *himself* so that he may know what phase of self-consciousness to attack. In the other two volumes Mr. Alexander then gives *definite exercises* by which any or all of these phases of self-consciousness

How to Attack Unwelcome Thoughts
How to Control the Muscles
How to Control the Emotions
How to Use Suggestion and Auto-Suggestion
How to Gain Self-Reliance
How to Gain Self-Confidence
How to Gain Calmness
How to Gain Self-Possession

Unlike many volumes, dealing with mental training, "The Cure of Self-Consciousness" is not dull or heavy.

Neither is it full of platitudes or preachments, telling you why you should cure your self-consciousness. On the contrary, this great work is as interesting as a book of fiction, and as direct as a physician's advice. It is extremely easy to read and to understand. Instead of preachments, it contains *actual rules and exercises* that have cured even the worst forms of self-consciousness.

It is impossible here to give a complete description of all this work, "The Cure of Self-Consciousness," contains. There is only one way for you to convince yourself of its value to you: that is to examine the three pocket size volumes. *This the publishers are willing to have you do.* Send no money now, just the coupon. When the books arrive, pay the mailman only \$2.85, plus postage, and then read them 10 days, at your leisure. If you are not convinced that this instruction and the exercises are worth hundreds of times the price, simply return the set within 10 days and the trial will not cost you a cent.

If you are ever embarrassed, in your business prospects or in your social life, by paralyzing attacks of self-consciousness, you need this great work more than anything else in the world; no price would be too great for you to pay for it! For how can a price be put upon the value of confidence, poise and perfect ease? If you want to secure a set I suggest that you address the publishers.

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may be permanently removed. A partial list of the chapter headings will give but a hint of the value of this work. The author deals with concrete subjects like these:

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The Causes of Self-Consciousness
How to Cure Fear of Self
How to Cure Fear of Crowds
How to Cure Fear of Audiences
How to Cure Blushing
How to Cure Stammering
How to Cure Stuttering
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How to Cure Nervousness
How to Cure Fear of Stage Fright
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How to Cure Fear of Criticism
How to Cure Fear of Company
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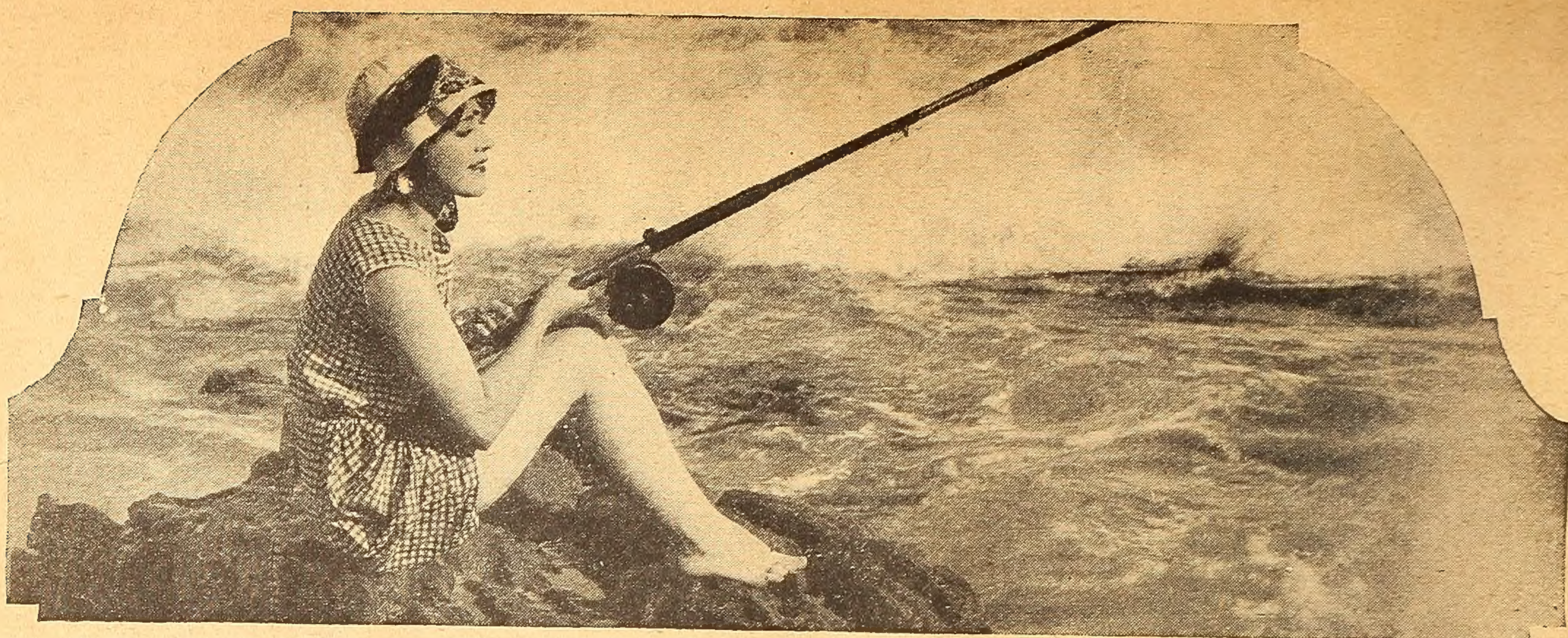
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Marie Prevost, the girl on the cover, gets out the bathing suit which made her famous. Marie doesn't have to use any bait—fish catch one glimpse of Marie and join us in adoration.

SCREENLAND

The Independent Screen Magazine

APRIL, 1925

VOL. X, NO.

Eliot Keen, Editor

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POINTING with PRIDE

HERE are many reasons why the motion picture business is the birth in magnitude of all the activities of the Americans. But, perhaps, chief of these reasons is the breadth of vision of the men who make up this industry.

There was a time, a few years ago, when mental activity was identified more or less with the advertising business. Perhaps you can remember when "Sunny Jim" was empaneled upon every chimney and plank wall in the days when "all red tape was on the box."

The advertising fraternity has become rich and stolid. The men of movies now are the ones with the cash—"the old pep," and they are without their reward at that.

We read that, when theatre managers are quivering with terror because of the concerts on the radio, they remained for the ingenious moving picture theatre proprietor to install loud-speakers in his theatre so that patrons now can enjoy the Victor Opera Singers. Few home equipments equal this expensive installation, and the concerts can be heard much better in the theatre, so that the menace has become an ally, and the theatre owner proudly announces—"I Have the Radio Working for Me."

From the Pacific Coast comes the story of a novelty in personal appearances. By means of loud speakers installed in movie theatres, Tom Mix by radio makes a "personal" appearance in all the theatres playing his film.



Emil Jannings as "Nero" in "Quo Vadis."



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Town..... State.....

Ask Me!

An Answer Page of Information

Address: Miss Vee Dee, Screenland, 145 West 57th Street, N. Y. C.

Alan E. Williams (New Malden, Surrey). So you look for the pictures Muriel Frances Dana appears in? It's always interesting to know what the English fans like. Little Muriel is free-lancing at present. She is about five, very blond, very pretty and decidedly clever.

Elsienore. Four of the best-known scenario writers are June Mathis, Jeanie Macpherson, Bess Meredyth and last, but by no means least, Frances Marion. Miss Mathis with First National, Miss Macpherson is Cecil deMille's right hand, Bess Meredyth with Metro-Goldwyn, and Frances Marion is contemplating an offer of \$150,000 a year from Fox. It's a great game—when you're great.

Edna Ferguson. Why be a three-minute egg in a hard-boiled world? There's work for every single one of us; it's just a matter of finding out our particular niche. Alma Rubens heads the excellent cast in "Is Love Everything?" Shipwreck, storms at sea, and fights galore all help to make this a thrilling picture.

Inquisitive (Rome, N. Y.) Colleen Moore's address is, at the moment, United Studios, Hollywood, Cal. She was born in Port Huron, Mich. Colleen has a perfectly alive mother and father, and a brother, Clive,

who is in movies sometimes, too. Her name was Kathleen Morris and now she has added McCormick—all Irish, bedad.

Art-Ist. Norma Shearer is about twenty-two and was born in Montreal. Comparatively a newcomer to the screen she has made rapid strides in the last year. Did you see the clever article about her in February SCREENLAND?

Ann Allen (New York). Write Rockcliffe Fellowes at Lasky Studios, 1520 Vine Street. He was born in Ottawa, Canada, in 1888, educated at Bishop's College, Lenoxville, and—although he has played with Mrs. Fiske, George, etc., on the legitimate stage and commenced movies with Fox—way back—he is only just getting the screen recognition he deserves. Five feet eleven, weighs 175, and has brown hair and eyes.

A La Rocque Fan and Sim (New Rochelle). Rod La Rocque's next picture will be opposite Gloria Swanson in "The Coast of Folly" and Rod says he'd rather play opposite Gloria than any one else. Gloria hadn't just recently taken unto herself a titled Frenchman would say "Page Pola." Success hasn't spoiled that lad one bit, and don't you believe any one who says it has. Ask any of his fellow Lambs.



Alyce McCormick, the beauty contest winner from Nebraska, in her first screen part. With Milton Sills in "I Want My Man"

you'll tell you he's every bit as man as in the days when he was just an unknown player. He was born in Chicago, has dark hair and eyes, and is six feet high. Unmarried so far, but—

Four Girls (Indianapolis) Your wish to have a story about Manuel Canada has been passed along to Ed. The fascinating Manuel was once upon a time a doctor in South America, and a Grade A athlete and football star. He came north with a team of amateurs and stayed to become a movie star. Merely changed his line of play, you see. Taller than a Montezuma he bids fair to out-sheik a sheik. And girls what a torea—that boy is!

Raymon J. Brandt (Milwaukee). Listen, Raymon, you'll have to be more explicit as to your requirements.

Kathleen (Rome, N. Y.) You know, of course, that Betty Compson married her director, James Cruze, and has set out to live "happy ever after." Betty's address is the Lasky Studios, 1520 Vine Street, Hollywood, and the "Locked Door" is the picture she is working on at time of writing. Following that there will be "New Lives for Ed," in which she will star with Wallace MacDonald as her leading man. Betty has bobbed hair. Maturen, there is no limit to the information I can give you.

Arthur Sumner (New York). Address Tom Mix, Fox Studios, 1401 Western Ave. Herbert Rawlinson and Mae Murray, Metro-Goldwyn, Culver City, Cal., and Richard Talmadge, F. B. O. Studios, Melrose and Gower Streets, Hollywood. Charlie Chaplin, 1420 La Brea Ave., Los Angeles. You omitted to enclose the paper you mention. Reply sent direct only when stamped addressed envelope is forthcoming.

Dorothy Tully (Kenosha, Wis.) Good La Rocque has mail addressed Famous-Players Lasky, 485 Fifth Ave., New York; Richard Barthelmess, 565 Fifth Ave., New York; and Harold Lloyd, 5542 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. So now go ahead, Dorothy, and tell our favorites what you think of them.

Eddie Mylod (N. J.). You'll have to write to Jacqueline Logan direct for her photograph as we do not supply these.

Margaret Rogers. The little "Peter Pan" girl—alias Betty Bronson—is with Famous-Players Lasky, Long Island.

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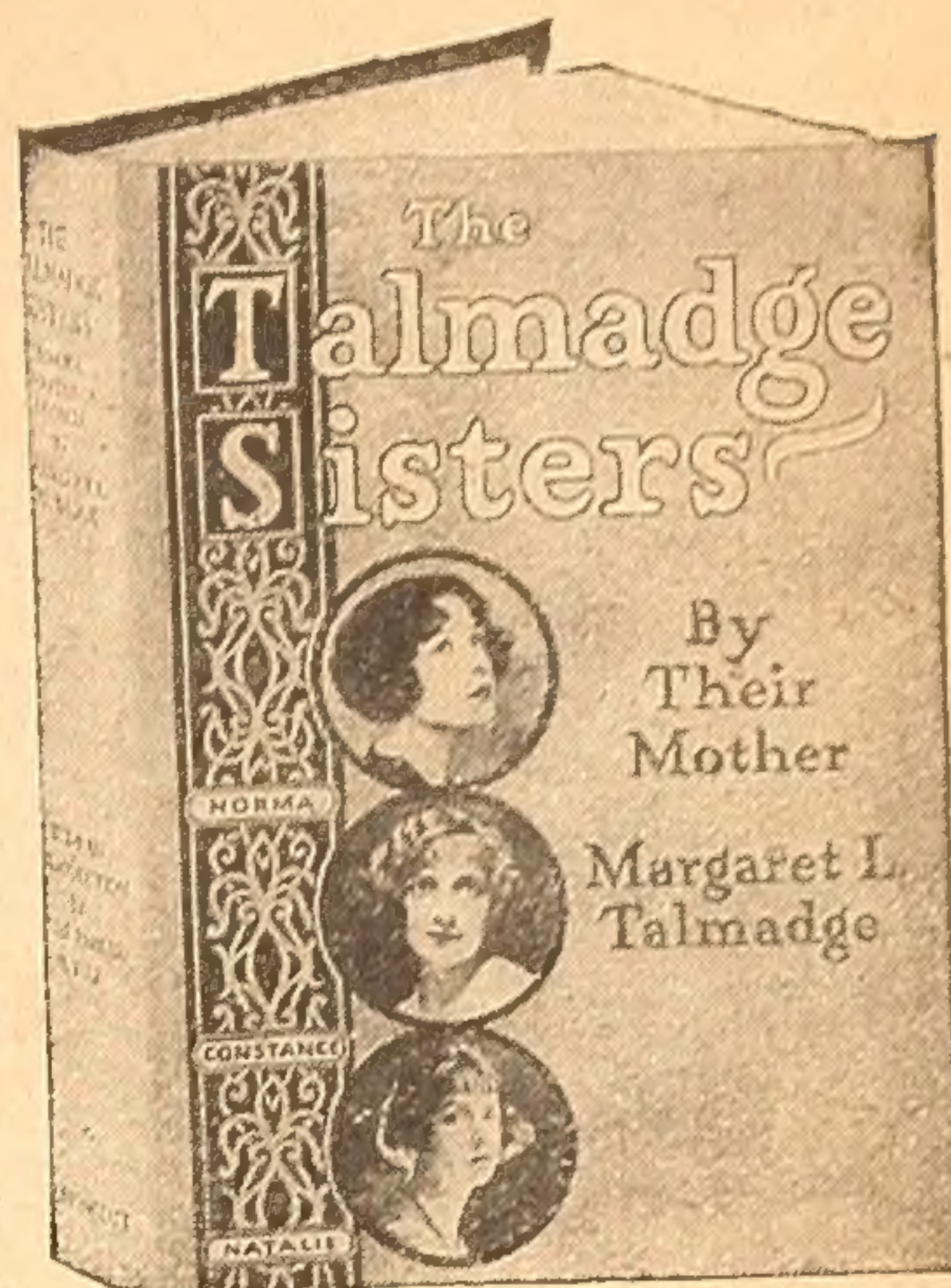
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SCREENLAND MAGAZINE

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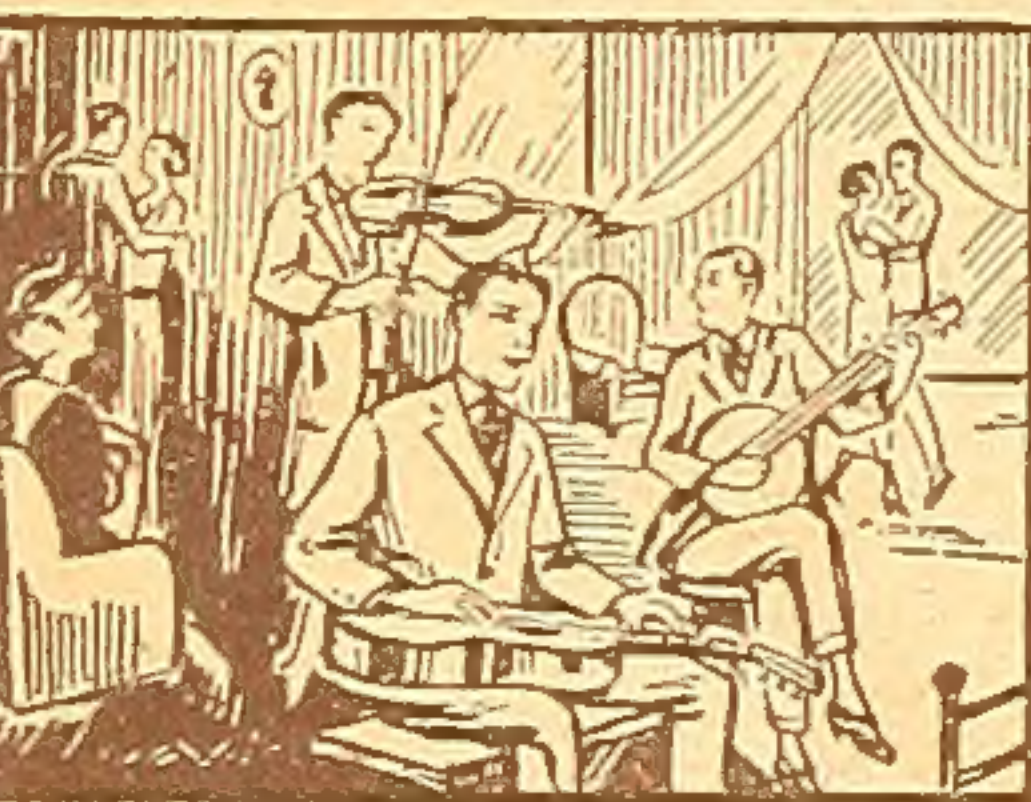


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Behind the Screen

*If it's whispered on Broadway
 it's heard in Hollywood.*

DOROTHY MACKAILL is more popular than ever these days.

Ever since she came back to New York, scene of her stage success in musical comedy, to be one of the featured First National stars in the east, Dorothy has held court at the Hotel Algonquin like any queen. But lately her stock has risen so high that she has practically no competition. Reason: her colored maid, who gets "presentiments" about people. The maid looks over Dorothy's friends as soon as they arrive, and then tells them mysteriously what is going to happen to them—what deals to put over, dark men to avoid, and so on. And nine times out of ten her "presentiments" are correct. She established herself forever as a mystic beyond compare with her mistress when she told Dorothy to go ahead and bob her hair. Dorothy did—and her short blonde crown is so becoming that good parts have been coming her way and she has had so many offers to make pictures she can't keep track of them.



"Whenever you say 'Excuse Me,' remember Renee Adoree. She's the pleasant part of Rupert Hughes' film. Next in 'Parisian Nights.'"

THEY tell an amusing one on Milton Sills. Seems that this distinguished star is determined—according to report—to share with one the stellar publicity in his pictures. Accordingly when he was cast in the title rôle of *The Making of O'Malley*, and Dorothy Mackaill was given the featured role opposite him and a newspaper put it that "Dorothy Mackaill is to be starred in *The Making of Molly*"—well, just imagine how Milton must have felt.

They do say, too, that he absolutely declines to have any close-up taken after five o'clock in the afternoon. Oh, dear!

CLARA Bow, who has been engaged for a leading part in Ernst Lubitsch's newest feature, was doubtless more surprised than anyone else to learn of the great director's choice. Clara told me that she sent for her once to consider her for May McAvoy's rôle in *Three Women*. Clara came tripping in. She walked up to her and stared. Then he cupped her face in his hand and turned it this way and that, and finally said: "You have the funniest face I ever saw!"

But Clara finally got the job. And it takes a real sense of humor to take one like that on yourself.

MYRTLE STEDMAN has been in the east for several weeks now, but so far she hasn't worked a single day. She's been out shopping to spend the salary that she gets regularly whether she works or not. Son Lincoln is with her, and he's such a big boy everybody takes him for his mother's brother.

DOROTHY GISH isn't making a new picture right now, but she could be working hard if she wanted to. Cecil deMille wanted her for the Lillian Rich part in *The Golden Bed*, and one deMille rôle usually leads to another. Dorothy says that certainly should prove she has that much-talked-about sex appeal. Rupert Hughes wanted her to play in his next film farce. Marshall Neilan asked her to enact the lead

role in his new picture. But no one is ready to go back to work just yet. Cecil deMille, by the way, has definitely left Paramount to ally himself with all his staff of writers and producers to the Producers-Distributors Association, for which he will produce independently. He is taking with him such stars as Leatrice Joy, Charles LaRocque, Vera Reynolds, Julia Hay; and his entire technical and literary staff including Jeanie Macpherson and Beulah Marie Dix. DeMille came to New York with the intention of embarking for Europe, but he will go back to the coast now to begin work on his next picture. DeMille and Mrs. deMille made a great success of every one voting him as fascinating as a matinee idol.

MARY HAY BARTHELMESS is going to dance at Ciro's, a smart supper-club, with Clifton Webb as her partner. Clifton was the angular character in *New Toys*. Ciro's, by the way, was the scene of the reconciliation party of Dagmar Godowsky and her ex-husband, Frank Mayo. No, they aren't going to resume their romance—their reunion is purely platonic. They're just the best of friends.

Do you wonder Alyce Mills looks happy these days. Who wouldn't? She's pretty, only nineteen—or is it

eighteen?—has been in pictures two years, and has just been handed a nice, fat, featured contract with B. P. Schulberg. Alyce is a Pittsburgh girl who won a beauty contest—and deservedly.

BEBE DANIELS proved the stuff she is made of when she was taken suddenly ill during the filming of the final scenes of *The Crowded Hour*. She had a high fever, and "the grippe" was a mild term for the way she felt. But Kenneth Harlan, her leading man, had only two more days to spend in the east. So Bebe clenched her teeth and told her director she'd finish her scenes with Harlan in time for him to make his train. She did, but they had to hold her up for her close-ups. Watch for those scenes in *The Crowded Hour*; they'll prove what a good actress she is.

GLORIA SWANSON'S marriage in Paris to the Marquis de la Falaise was the talk of the New York rialto for weeks. Photographs of the couple from Paris show him to be not only young but very, very handsome and also distinguished. And it won't be long before New York will see him and eventually the whole country, for he is to be his wife's leading man in her current picture—following *Madame Sans-Gene*—the Cosmo Hamilton story called *The Coast of Folly*.



Miss Evelyn Pierce, resting after her three years' struggle for fame. She has just been made a Baby Star.

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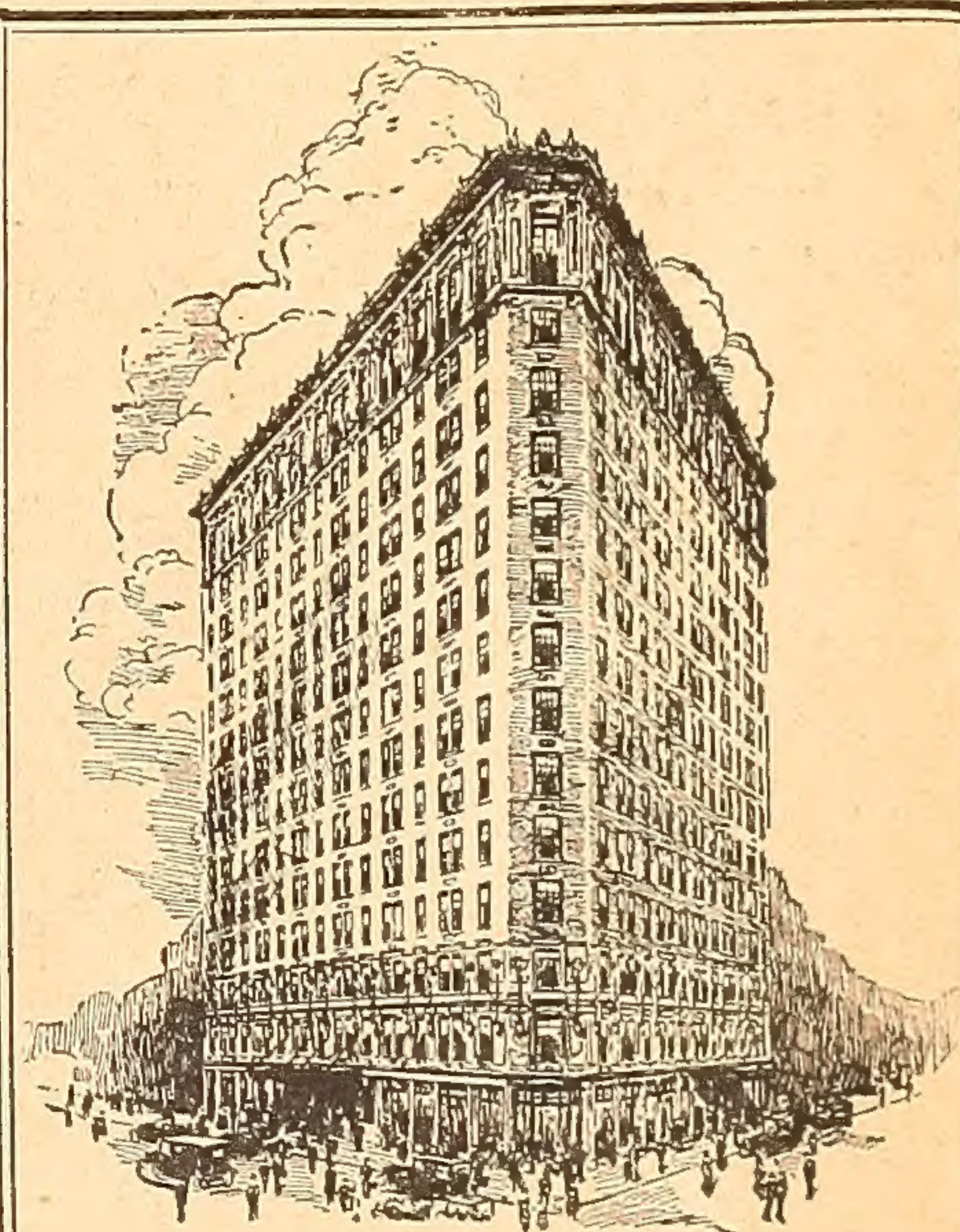
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SCREENLAND

APRIL 1925

¶ Pictures of the ill-fated expedition to Mount Everest have just reached America. Films of this character make of the motion picture an art of incomparable grandeur, a scroll on which the greatest of our age leave their mark.

If you would learn of a brave gesture, which is utterly self-sacrificing but at once inspiring and uplifting, see if you possibly can this Mount Everest film and look well upon the faces of Mallory and Irvine.

If your particular mountain seems inaccessible you will gather courage from this film.



RAYMOND
GRIFFITH

¶ You have seen him in well-played small parts. This month he emerges as one of our greatest comedians.



SYD
CHAPLIN

¶ Fixed in your mind as the soldier in "The Rendezvous," now as "Charlie's Aunt" sets a new standard for comedy.

BUSY MONTH in the MOVIES.



MARY ASTOR

¶ A beautiful and experienced actress becomes the "First Leading Lady of the Land" opposite Douglas Fairbanks in "Don Q."



The most beautiful
"still" of the month
from

THE RE-CREATION OF
BRIAN KENT

By Harold Bell Wright



¶ Millard Webb, directing the anniversary scene in "My Wife and I" for Warner Bros.

Such is---

HOLLYWOOD

The Home of Opportunity

Many a wife hurries through her housework in order to dance through the afternoon as a picture extra at \$7.50 per day.

¶ Colleen Moore as "Sally."



Buster Keaton

Buster's next picture, "Seven Chances," is to be in colors.

Photograph by
Melbourne Spurr



Dorothy Dwan

With Larry Semon in "The Wizard of Oz," and also with him in "Matrimony."



Kenneth Harlan

His next picture will be "Two Shall Be Born"—Vitagraph.

Photograph by
Melbourne Spurr



Photograph by Melbourne Spurr

Bebe Daniels

After "The Crowded Hour" her next picture will be "The Manicure Girl"



Between Shots

Tom Terriss talks with Renee Adoree. A very good picture of the great director who helps others and who has offered to give a Screenland girl her chance.

THE LAST LAUGH

By Myron Zobel

LAST night we saw and applauded "The Last Laugh," and we agree with the rest of you who have seen it that it is a wonderful film.

The director of the picture was F. W. Murnau, the chief actor was Emil Jannings, and the film we understand was made in Germany. But before you let your not unnatural antagonism against a late enemy spoil your point of view, let us correct this statement.

This picture was not made in Germany; *it was made in the realm of art.*

It is the work of an earnest student, a director who was willing to study the masters. For example,—the stereoptic effect first obtained in Italy and shown in "Cabiria." The misty effect Mr. Griffith employed in "Broken Blossoms." The delicacy and thread-like plot of the Russian Chekhov. An O. Henry twist in taking pity on the character at the last. In fact, from Pathé in France to our own deMille, many influences can be seen in this film.

And why not? The story makes American audiences and German audiences laugh alike at the old man whose greatest pride is in his uniform, and the German audience to weep with us at the tragedy of the old man who has lost his uniform. What better evidence is there that audiences all over the world are brothers, that Tolstoy said truly, "Art is a means of union among men"?

If Woodrow Wilson had lived to view "The Last Laugh," would he not have felt that his efforts toward universal brotherhood had not been in vain, that the coöperative spirit of these motion picture artists is a definite step forward toward that idea of the league of all men, of all nations, for which he sacrificed his life?

His *FIRST* STORY



It is the lively spirit of youth which carries Cyril Hume's Centaur to fame, and the author to fortune.



John Farrar, biographer of Cyril Hume, and, incidentally, editor of The Bookman.



Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Hume at their villa in Italy, where the author of "Wife of the Centaur" is writing a new book, and Mrs. Hume is writing verses on love.

SUDDEN and great financial success seldom comes to the young literary man in any country, at any time in the world's history; but in these days the possibility of a small fortune accruing to the writer is greater than ever before. This fact, however, does not dim the romance of actual accomplishment. When Cyril Hume found himself with twenty-five thousand dollars in his pocket, a name already made, and a career secure, it was a surprise worth having. It would have been a surprise for any young man of twenty-three, and many a man years older than that. The author of "*Wife of the Centaur*," and of a second novel, "*Cruel Fellowship*," had not stumbled blindly into fortune, however. Few people do, and certainly not in the literary, or dramatic, or motion picture world. It is my opinion that well-directed hard work is the only recipe for success anywhere. You may say that hard work is not always rewarded as was young Hume's. Quite true;

Earns a FORTUNE

By
John Farrar



John Gilbert as the Centaur, and Aileen Pringle—not the Wife of the Centaur.



The Italian home of Cyril Hume, the Villino La Massa at Candeli, near Florence.

but that's the way to go out after luck. Luck will not come to you!

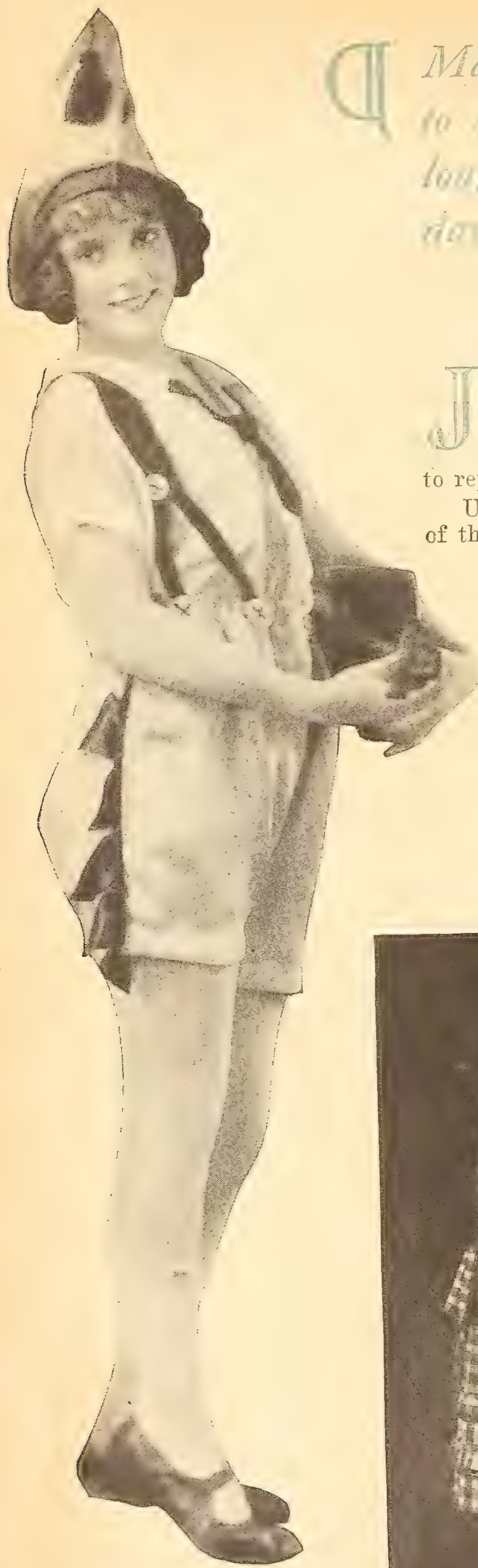
"Cy" Hume, as he was called at Yale, does not look like a poet. He is tall, well-built, with light hair, and a moustache, and with a complexion that inclines to be ruddy. At college he was not what might be termed a quiet youth, yet no one thought of calling him wild. Just an ordinary undergraduate, who studied as much as he needed, and who played all he could. He was a freshman when I was a senior, and I remember very well his manuscript poems, handed in for publication in the "Lit." Good poems, too, but overshadowed, somewhat, by the brilliant work of his good friend Stephen Vincent

Benét, then a junior. Benét, by the way, will soon break into the motion pictures. First National are at work now on his story, "Uriah's Son," to be called, he will tell you, with a quiet smile, "What Every Woman Desires." Hume and Benét were great friends. They were members of the same fraternity, Alpha Delta Phi, and later of the same honorary senior society, Wolf's Head. It was, in fact, from a poem of Benét's that Hume conceived the idea for his first novel—he quotes it in the course of the story—and it is to Benét that he dedicates his new book.

About this time, the Yale "Lit" was producing many (Continued on page 93)



Cyril Hume who wrote his Centaur story in three months, two years ago, when he was twenty-one.



Martha in fancy dress costume for an ordinary day's work on the Hal Roach lot.

Martha Sleeper, fourteen years old, is to a flying start. Stage training is no longer essential to a screen player. Today they cut their teeth on Hollywood.

By Grace Fawcett

JUST now the fate of the old-school, stage-trained motion picture star seems to rest in the laps of the Gods.

And if the Gods stand up? Well, nothing very serious will happen; because the new star brand of 1925 is eagerly waiting to replace the old-timers as they fall.

Unadulterated screen training has this new generation, for most of them have grown up knowing only the motion picture angle, and with the single ambition of qualifying for the screen.

Doubtfully, dubiously and sometimes desperately have famous actors and actresses left dramatic careers in the spoken drama to enter the new field of motion pictures. But always, always they brought with them their stage background. Consequently they had much to unlearn before they became camera trained.

Today future stars step directly from the school room, with nothing to unlearn, and everything to learn.

Blank little minds, if you please, but the more filled with screen possibilities because of this fact.

Fourteen-year-old Martha Sleeper is an outstanding example of what can be done with the flexible, unafraid mind of youth that has no inhibiting handicap of traditions and background.

Half of her time is spent in study, and, like Chaplin's wife, she has a private tutor. In this regular school curriculum she is making above-her-age grades, and from what they tell me at the Hal Roach studios she is, at the same time, easily making the necessary picture grades that lead to stardom.



The business of being successful in the movies sometimes requires the screen player to be quite dumb.

To be able to appear "in character" is as essential as it is to appear beautiful.

To!



Little Martha Sleeper overcomes the decrepitude of her age by daily exercise.

It was interesting and enlightening to interview this child-woman of many moods and faces.

"You see, I've wanted to act ever since I started deep thinking," she began seriously. As she looked all of twenty-five and was dressed for that age, I had to remind myself forcibly that she was but fourteen before I managed, equally serious, to ask just when that was.

"Oh, when I was 'most six," she complacently answered. "Before that I lived on a sheep ranch in Wyoming and my daddy taught me to ride and swim and not to be afraid of anything."

"Wouldn't you know that she was brought up out of doors by her physique?" pridefully interrupted Mrs. Sleeper, who is another of those vigilant, screen pal-mothers.

Appraisingly I sized up Martha's slim, ath-

(Continued on page 90)

'Martha Sleeper and Charlie Chase in "The Rat's Knuckle." What fun it must be for this child "to pretend!"



'Martha Sleeper—miserable and unhappy. This is, indeed, acting.

He LOOKED like

SOMEHOW I am of the opinion that George Hackathorne clubs about with a circle of the weightiest handed wallopers in the West. I got the thought, and a resounding thump on the back, one afternoon while strolling down Broadway, Los Angeles.

"Hello!" (smack) "Georgie!" My cigarette went half way back into my mouth, coins danced about in my pockets, and, I would vow, the new gold inlay jolted from its cement moorings.

"Quake — or collapse of the Hamberger Department Store?" I gasped. However, I faced my plain and fancy back breaker, expecting to see either "Bool" Montana, the Australian woodchopper, or perhaps Jack Dempsey himself.

About to wave my 'kerchief—in abject truce—the hand that racked my eye-teeth reached out and took my limp and palm-perspiring paw and smiled:

"Great Scott, old man!—I—I'm mistaken—I thought you were George Hackathorne—"

The speaker, a well known leading man, whom I recognized at once, apologized. I cast him a feeble smile, and registered a startled and surprised acceptance:

"*Mea culpa, mea culpa,*" I smiled and gently struck my chest.

"No!" insisted the actor, "the fault is all mine, for, really, a second glance—why, you don't look like Hackathorne."

Had I listened, rather digested this man's true observation, the Washington District jail would not be my present address. And numerous other griefs would not be hanging over my head.

Neil McConlogue, who impersonated George Hackathorne.



SUPPOSE you were the image of some movie star and people stared at you, could you resist pretending you were really the famous player?

This article is a story of wrong-doing, but the guilty adventurer is so human, and his pleasant personality so evident that we know you will enjoy it.

The other evening in a New York theatre we saw a familiar neck and round head in front of us.

"That's Wallace Beery!" we exclaimed. And it was.

It is remarkable how well we know our friends, the actors.

Neil McConlogue thought he could impersonate George Hackathorne, but he would have had as much chance if he had tried to pass himself off as Mary Pickford.

"To err is human, to forgive divine." We are sorry for you, Neil, and we can assure you this story of yours will send thousands of kindly thoughts your way to beat upon the bars and to wish you free, but more than all to wish for you in the future the understanding which will make your qualities of genius work for good.

I studied Mr. Hackathorne's likeness; his pictures framed before the movie palaces drew my scrutiny. Once I sat through an entire day's showing of "*Judgment of the Storm*," trying to catch the actor's expression.

Returning to my hotel I consulted the mirror. My hair was fashioned after the current clipping—straight back. George Hackathorne split his in the middle. So, aided by a glassy unguentum concoction, I, too, showed a bee-line of scalp, saying to my looking-glass: "Very Hackathorny!"

From the actor's photo I caught the flagrant difference in our countenances. The eyebrows didn't jibe; so I uprooted a few of mine.

"There!" I flattered myself, "That's better!" It was not, and cinematographically, parenthetically speaking, I was entirely out of the picture. The motion picture artist and this biographer resembled one another about as much as an exegesis on Homer does a school girl's diary.

However, having had a modest schooling in the art of make-up while a vaudeville artist, I eventually came to the stage where it appears I had whipped myself into a fair shadow of the man it was my misfortune to try to impersonate.

Right here, let me hasten to add, I had entirely overlooked the big scene in the performance I was rehearsing—*A Player's Poise*. Overlooked by me! Careful as I was! Unreckoned with, unrealized, most likely, was that manner, that finish, that proper balance with which so many motion picture artists are blessed. Maybe they win it on the educational rung of grammar, high-school, college; others, I presume, attain it

HACKATHORNE

Neil McConlogue, from the Washington Jail, tells his own story.

through the changes that are visited upon them by their success and their intellectual associates.

However, what I am trying to say is—An ugly duckling might be “fancied up,” painted to apparently the acceptable color and degree of the more sturdy duckling, but, once he waddles to the pond, gets in the swim, the false intention is at once washed off and he is easily exposed.

At first my impersonation was intended as a lark. I had just sold a series of short stories and really only hoped to get incidents enough to bolster up a long story upon which I was working.

Desirous of an easy beginning as an impersonator, I chose a woman wearing thick-lensed glasses to start on. We were passengers on a fast moving train—both enroute to Salt Lake City. The woman sat directly across the aisle; the Pullman was sparsely settled. She was just on the outskirts of the flirting age; and I had to try out my act.

“Care to peruse a magazine?” I pushed a copy of *SCREENLAND* toward her.

“No, thank you.”—smile—and she pointed to the seat upon which lay another copy of *SCREENLAND*. “But we might chat about the contents,” she added.

Ten minutes later, soon as it seemed apropos—I was George Hackathorne.

“Just imagine!” she declared—“meeting a movie star, my favorite, and in this way!”

Try to live with Cinderella her journey from the ash heap to the slipper episode, in your mind’s eye; see Cindy’s beaming countenance at the greatest period in her fanciful life, and you have a fair



¶*Mr. Hackathorne himself.*

¶*George Hackathorne writes, “I did not think it possible for anyone to impersonate a screen-player. I suffered no loss through Mr. McConlogue’s action, and I had nothing whatever to do with his arrest. I would like to compliment him on his literary talent.”*



¶*George Hackathorne with Clara Bow in “Capital Punishment.” It is a coincidence that as Neil McConlogue goes to jail for impersonating Mr. Hackathorne, Mr. Hackathorne unknowingly impersonates Mr. McConlogue.*

idea of my traveling companion’s emotions and appearances.

She told me how she had first seen ME in Mary Pickford’s production “*Amarilly of Clothesline Alley*.” Then she came down, with great satisfaction, upon fact—“and in ‘The Little Minister’ you were splendid, just held me fascinated!”

¶(Note to Mr. Hackathorne: Lord! but you’d have enjoyed this—what a press agent she’d make you!)

“And,” she went on, as she removed and wiped her glasses, “with Mary Philbin, and Norman Kerry, in ‘Merry-Go-Round’ you were positively everything one hopes for when going to the theatre. Now I want to see you in a vehicle—starred. You deserve it!”

We lunched in the train. Always a good after-dinner speaker, I paid the check with what we believed to be future-star nonchalance. I, no doubt, fell as far behind in this as America has in the League idea; but I put forth my best effort.

At Salt Lake City I beamingly accepted the lady’s address and invitation to run over to the house. However, compromised by accepting her motor to the Utah Hotel.

In the barber shop of the hotel, while the tonsorial monologist skipped across my whiskers, a blonde manicurist, born in the hue of a brunette, noted the tailor’s tag sewed to the inside lining of my coat—“*Stitch’em HOLLYWOOD.*”

The magic word *Hollywood* caught her eyes like a piece of red flannel will a bull frog. And, when we repaired to her sector, ’midst the powder and shell of manicurial maneuver-

(Continued on page 86)

When *R*ONALD *C*OLMAN

The measure of a man is



¶ *The Kilties—
“The Ladies
from Hell”
numbered
Ronald Col-
man among
them.*

66 *W*ho is that? He’s wonder-
ful!”
“That’s Colman. Didn’t
you see him in ‘The White
Sister’?”

“Oh, is he the one? Who is he any-
way?”

This conversation we overheard the
other night. We almost
leaned over and supplied
the information.

This is who Ronald

Colman is—

In the mud of Mons in 1914 Ronald
Colman learned the technique of motion
picture greatness.

When the gallant First Hundred Thou-
sand of England were dying in France
before the war was *our* war, Ronald Col-
man, there in the grim and hideous set-



¶ *There is an “I-really mean-
it” manner to Colman’s
love-making which is beau-
tifully convincing.*

KISSES

By John Eliot

the manner of his lovemaking



Posed by Doris Kenyon
and Ronald Colman.

tings of carnage, learned the beauty of devotion.

These were the early days of the struggle. Helmets were yet to be worn, tanks were unheard of, but in the mud and in the spatter of the bursting shells lay War's only noble product—*there were MEN there.*

In such times thoroughness comes to be understood and practiced.

One demon-sent fiend-guided piece of lead at last flattened Ronald Colman in the mud of France. Was it then that his brain whirling with despair and agony, where unrealities were as easily seized upon as realities, that there came a vision of what loveliness was? Or perhaps the wonder of a woman may have shone through tired lids as he sensed the ministrations of the nurses at the hospital; perhaps a gentle hand upon his matted hair opened the door of understanding to him, the understanding of the worship-worthiness of women. For this is the truth that Colman knows.

It is in his films today. It pervades every character, every scene in his pictures.

If you would know the sincerity, the soul-tearing loyalty required of a soldier—sincerity, the technique of cinema greatness—go you to see Ronald Colman make love.

(Continued on page 84)



Colman's appeal is not the ruthlessness of a sheik, nor the arrogant tactics of the caveman. He is a lover whose every movement seems expressive of the diffidence of sincerity.



Photograph by Henry Waxman

RUDOLPH VALENTINO

*Every one is looking forward to
his next picture, "Cobra".*



¶ One will always find a group gathered about the fireplace in the Ruth Roland room.



¶ A corner in the Harold Lloyd room.

The FRIENDLY STARS of Hollywood

By H. B. K. Willis

FILMLAND is full of friendly faces. Though folks, who should be wearing Mother Hubbards and hanging over back fences, swapping juicy bits of scandal, would have one believe otherwise. Thanks to newspapers with a weakness for red ink and scandal, every incident which can be made a peg upon which to hang an unfortunate star's personal affairs, is capitalized by them.

Consequently visitors to Hollywood from all quarters of the globe expect to find the film capital the center for activities with strictly a demimondaine and Parisian tang.

And what a jolt they get when they find it is not!

Tourists, tin-can, shoe-box and other varieties, are con-

¶ Gamma Chapter House, Iota Tau Sigma Fraternity, College of Osteopathic Physicians and Surgeons, Los Angeles, Calif., furnished through the generosity of motion picture celebrities.

¶ Herbert Rawlinson — the boy that started it all.



(Continued on page 80)

TOM TERRISS, *Director of Destinies.*

By Rodney Hickok.



¶ Tom Terriss and some of the successful players he has brought out.



¶ Alice Calhoun's a Terriss discovery.

¶ William Collier, Jr., was picked for a part in "The Heart of Maryland."

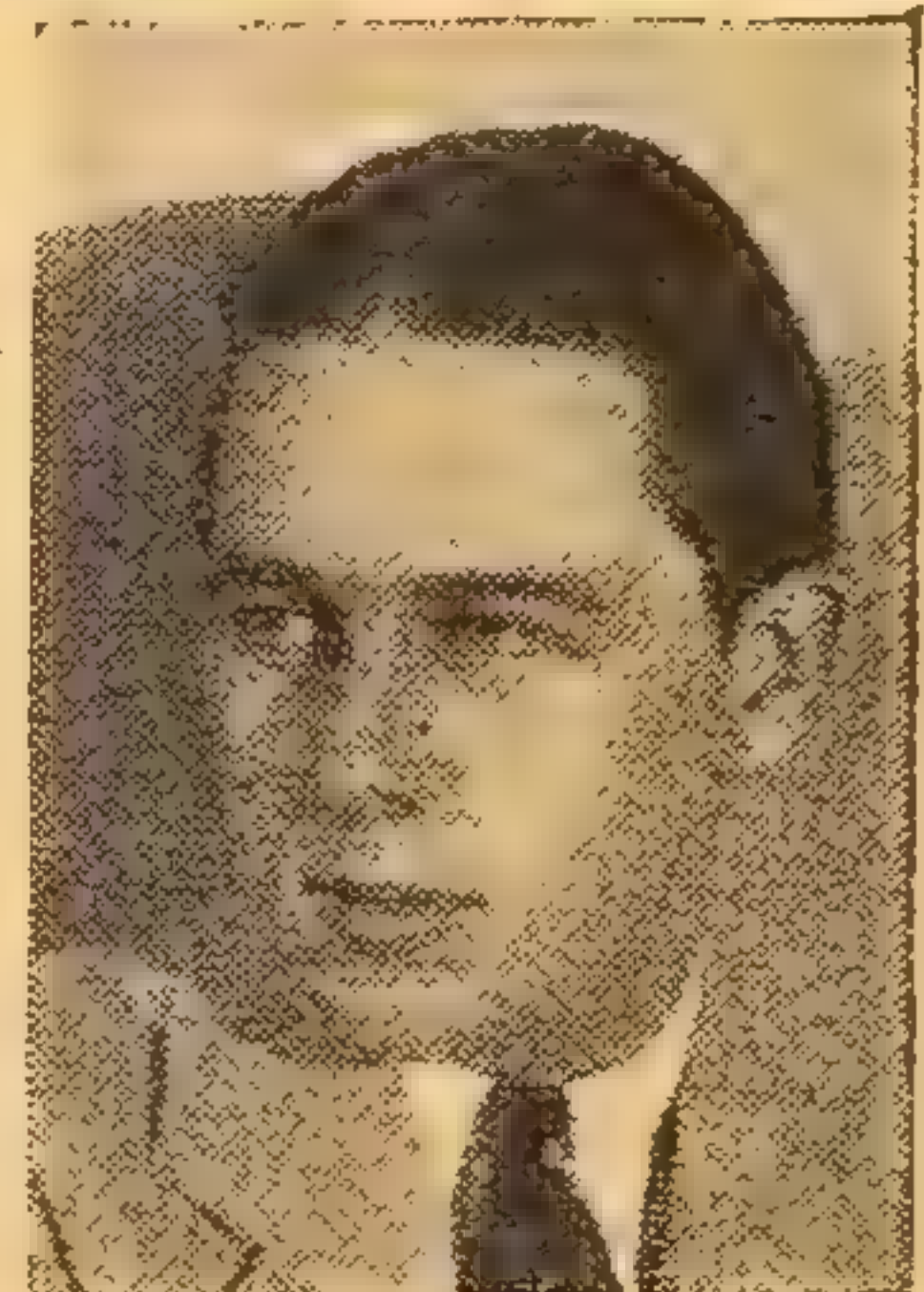


¶ Mr. Terriss found Percy Marmont for the screen.



¶ Rita Rossi was started on her way in "The Bandolero"

¶ Famous as a director, Tom Terriss is almost equally as well known as a discoverer of talent



¶ Ben Lyon got his start with Buster Collier, above.

"WELL, Chief, there's another one finished and on its way and they seemed to like it."

Tom Terriss and I had just come from the initial showing of "The Bandolero" which we had just completed in Cuba and Spain, and we were seated in a couple of comfortable chairs

in his home talking it over. We had been working very hard for several months and were certainly glad to see the picture finally launched in the theatres. We usually get together immediately after a first showing of a picture and exchange views about how we think the audience enjoyed it. This showing had gone very well, and Mr. Terriss was feeling very pleased and talkative; so in answer to my remark he replied,

"Yes, they did, Rod, and now both you and I can take a nice little rest. We've certainly earned it."

The Chief's always been that way. When there is work to be done there is no rest for any one and he doesn't ask any of us to work any harder than he will; but once the picture is finished, then he is the first one to see that we get a rest

(Continued on page 77)



¶ Conrad Nagel and his daughter.



¶ Agnes Ayres' personality as an "extra" convinced the director.

A CHANCE *in the* MOVIES

*If you want to be a movie
star here is your opportunity.*

Register your picture in

SCREENLAND'S BUREAU *for the* AMBITIOUS

MR. TOM TERRISS, well known director, has promised that he will go over all of the photographs which have been received prior to April 15, and that he will select from among these photographs the girl who seems to have the best qualities for movie success.

There is no charge, no fee; it is not even necessary that you be a subscriber of Screenland. Simply send in your photograph with the necessary personal information and our Opportunity Editor will do the rest.

This girl whom Mr. Terriss selects will neither be endowed nor capitalized, but she will be given the opportunity of a real "part" in a real production—not a job as an extra, but a part that will appear in the final production so that her friends as well as other directors and producers can see her.

If she puts herself "over" in this film, she will earn her chance to put herself over in future films.

THIS IS HOW THIS OFFER CAME TO BE MADE:

The Editor of Screenland had commissioned Rodney Hickok to tell the story (which you will see on the opposite page) of the uncanny intuition which Terriss has exhibited in recognizing talent.

"Do you think he could spot such

a person from an ordinary still photograph?" we asked. "For if he could we will invite our readers to send in their pictures so that they may have the same chance that the girls have who live in New York or Hollywood where they get into the line of directorial vision by appearing as extras."

The result of this conversation is this opening of Screenland's Registry Bureau. Understand that there is no money prize attached; the girl chosen will get simply the regular salary for a bit part. This will be a real part, not an "extra" nor "atmosphere" role, where perhaps a dozen share the same scene. But a real opportunity!

Genius has conquered the world with less.

These are the rules and the conditions which govern the Registry Bureau:

For convenience in examining the photographs, a post card photo is preferred (this is about 3½ by 5½ inches). If you have a larger picture, cut it down if possible; or if it is smaller, mount it on a card this size.

On the back of the photograph you must write: 1, your name; 2, your address; 3, your weight; 4, your height; 5, your color; 6, your nationality; and 7, very briefly any acting experience you may have had.

You may send as many photographs as you wish, each to have all the details on the back.



¶ *Jacqueline Logan, a
discovery of Tom
Terriss', surrounded
by extra girls.*

No photograph will be considered which is received after April 15, 1925.

*Address: Opportunity Editor, Screenland Registry Bureau,
236 West 55th Street, New York City.*

Rafts of



¶ Perhaps the unusual success of "A Thief in Paradise" was due to its unpretentious launching from a pearl-diver's raft.

¶ Posed by James Morrison and Ronald Colman.

Fog enwraps New York tonight and from my window it seems the city has sunk into a gray-blue nowhere and all the world is sea one hour before morning. You know how that misty curtain droops until day tears an orange slit far east, the sun thunders up; clouds wither and immense blues spread placidly above waves that raced a gale yesterday, their white manes whipping. Now they smooth into wider troughs, and wider, to troop a good half-mile apart.

Yesterday a ship went down behind the last horizon. A raft rides the ground-swell now, drifting in indigos or floes of yellow foam, but drifting clear and free. So chanty with the foc'sle gang—what's left of them—

"Old Stormalong is dead and gone
To me, wa-ay, Stormalong!
Old Stormalong is dead and gone,
Aye, wa-ay aye, Old Stormalong!"

I hear them through the wail of fog-horns on the Hudson. They're 'way out where the movies take us, over the curves of the earth, out where the jetsam ends. I'd like to be there, though when I'm there I want to be here; for if ships are she's, rafts are vamps. They keep you going, guessing, grasping at hope.

Wrecks, derelicts, life-boats, canoes, every salty thing but rafts I've written into fiction; yet no stage could be set more dramatically than with three spars lashed to barrels against backgrounds of enormous

arrived writers. His typewriter, rattling like wind-plucked halyards, sings the staccato of adventure.

ROMANCE

*Among all the varied settings of drama,
the castaway adrift most inspires
our imaginations.*

By **Gayne Dexter**



¶ Posed by Ramon Novarro and Frank Currier.

¶ It is happiness to improve our condition, whether our lives are tuned to romance or unromantic toil.

¶ Posed by Jackie Coogan.

sea and sky. Two days out of Pago Pago, the island of "Rain," we picked up a survivor from a wrecked copra ketch trading into Apia. Distantly he looked dead upon his raft; he had been there five days; yet some of him lived when we carried him aboard, and all of him by the time we loafed into Honolulu.

"What did you do? Pray?"

"No," he tried to grin with lips that the sun had shrivelled. "I just kept on hoping. When I was as far down as I could be without shuffling off, I got to figuring how far I could climb back. If it hadn't 'a' been for that I'd 'a' jumped overboard for comfort."

There was the hint of a story in wondering how far he would continue to climb with safe earth beneath his feet. A beach-comber down in Santos, Brazil, supplied one ending. The "beach" is less picturesque than the stars who inevitably go there

in close-ups of beautiful whiskers or grass-skirts waving to the breeze. So for truth's sake I'll present this red-haired, ragged, *pinga*-soaked Yank seated on the Santos dock where coffee ships load. He wasn't thirty. A rough bandage held his broken foot together. He whined for cigarettes and his hands were always busy beneath his filthy shirt—scratching, scratching. A ship had picked him up at sea a few months before. He had dreamed marvellously, no doubt, climbed back with wonderful ambitions, which differed somewhat now.

"Buddy, any chance o' you buying me three drinks?" he enquired, hobbling at me. He got them. That's the "beach."

It wouldn't have turned out that way in movies, because it didn't turn out that way when we were kids and our treasure island was a mud bank in the swimming hole,

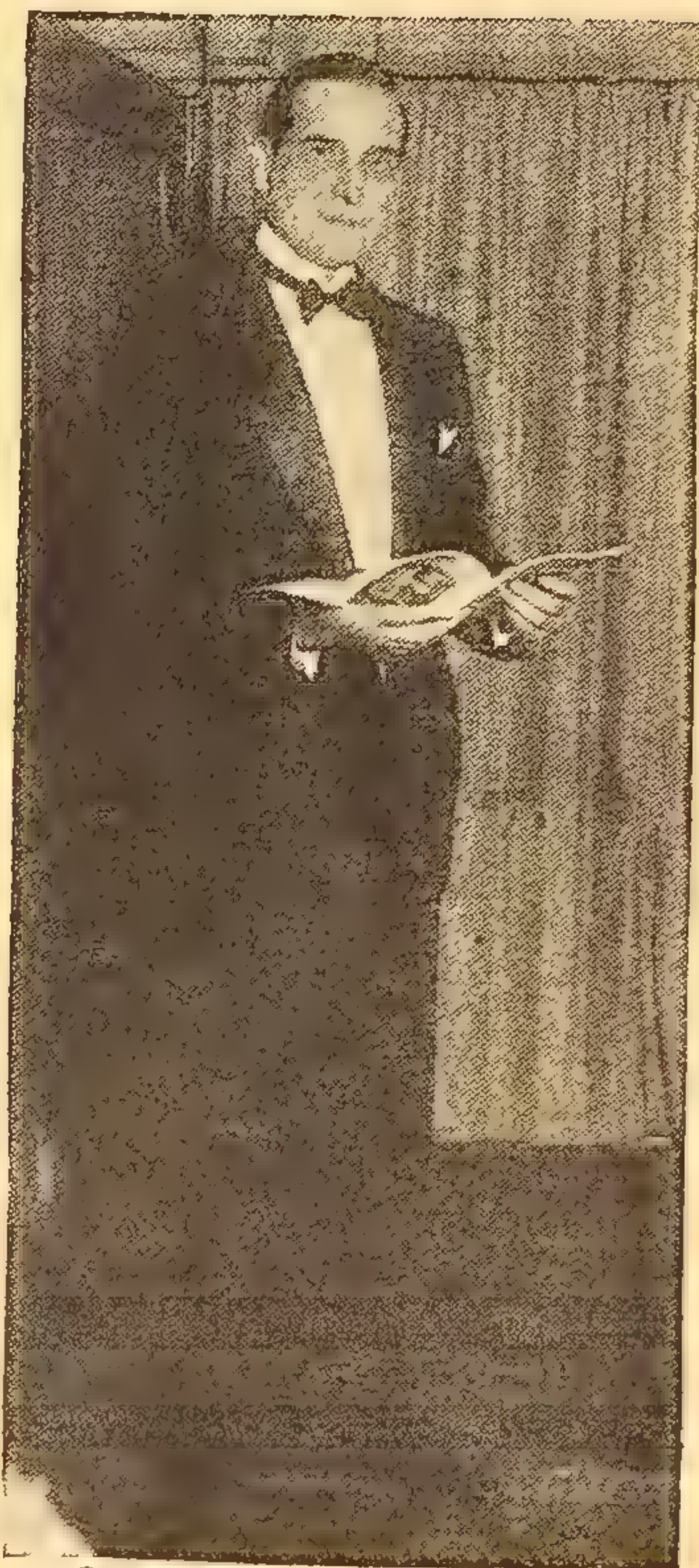
(Continued on page 77)



¶ *Natalie Joyce makes her bow to the WAMPAS.*



¶ *Marilyn Warner was there with many, many strings of pearls.*



¶ *When we caught Earl Williams with a copy of SCREEN-LAND, he was rushed before the camera before he had time to protest.*

The FROLIC

¶ *At the first of the year the Baby Stars of 1925 were announced. A month later a Frolic was given at the Hotel Ambassador, Los Angeles, to celebrate their ascension.*



¶ *Olin Hasbrouck and Maxine Drearden were having a rollicking good time when they were persuaded to "watch for the birdie."*

¶ *The second it took to snap this picture was the only one that Madeline Hurlock spent alone during the entire evening.*

BAM! Hear that Jazz!

What a jam.
There never has—
ZOWIE — ZING —
Hello, Jim.
Been such a mob
To see the Babies
I say, ladies
BANG!
Hurry!
There's Murray!
Hello, Pola
Hola
Moses—
Hear that Jazz!
What a roar.
The Ambassador.
Is some sight
Big night.
Hello, Betty
There's Peter—
Wantcha meeta.
Some Frolic
I'll call it.
Oh, Hello, Sally.
I'll say it's rough,
But see those Babies
Strut their stuff.

THE WAMPAS FROLIC

EVERYBODY "in the movies" was there, at the Fourth Annual WAMPAS Frolic and Ball held early in February at the Hotel Ambassador, to pay homage to the thirteen celluloid sub-debs selected as Baby Stars.

The floor of the pavilion was crowded, the paying patrons could not get a foot either up or down, the placarded celebrities in boxes at the sides radiated and scintillated, and then all the Baby Stars paraded—all, that is, but Anne Cornwall who, through illness, missed her triumph. Bert Lytell was master of ceremonies, and Charlie Murray Master of Mirth.

Extradom was out in force. And who knows but what the girls who will be the Baby Stars of 1926 were there getting tips for next year's ceremonial of the Western Motion Picture Advertisers' Association.

The "Frolic" could only have been "sprung" by movie people. They are trained to be without self-consciousness and each has the poise which comes from achievement.

They did "strut their stuff" but it was the stuff that will carry the art of the movies to "Bigger and Better Pictures."



of the BABIES



¶ Violet Avon, one of the "Bambinas," got this pretty little frock to celebrate the occasion.



¶ Betty Arlen is a starlet too. We think she'll specialize in dancing, don't you?



¶ Marcella Daly, with all her airs and graces, particularly the graces.



¶ And little Marian Nixon was there. No, she didn't bring her horse with her.



¶ Laura La Plante was brought before the camera, but Julius Bernheim insisted upon coming along too. He said he'd lost his last girl that way.



¶ Pola Negri graced the occasion to greet the Baby Stars.



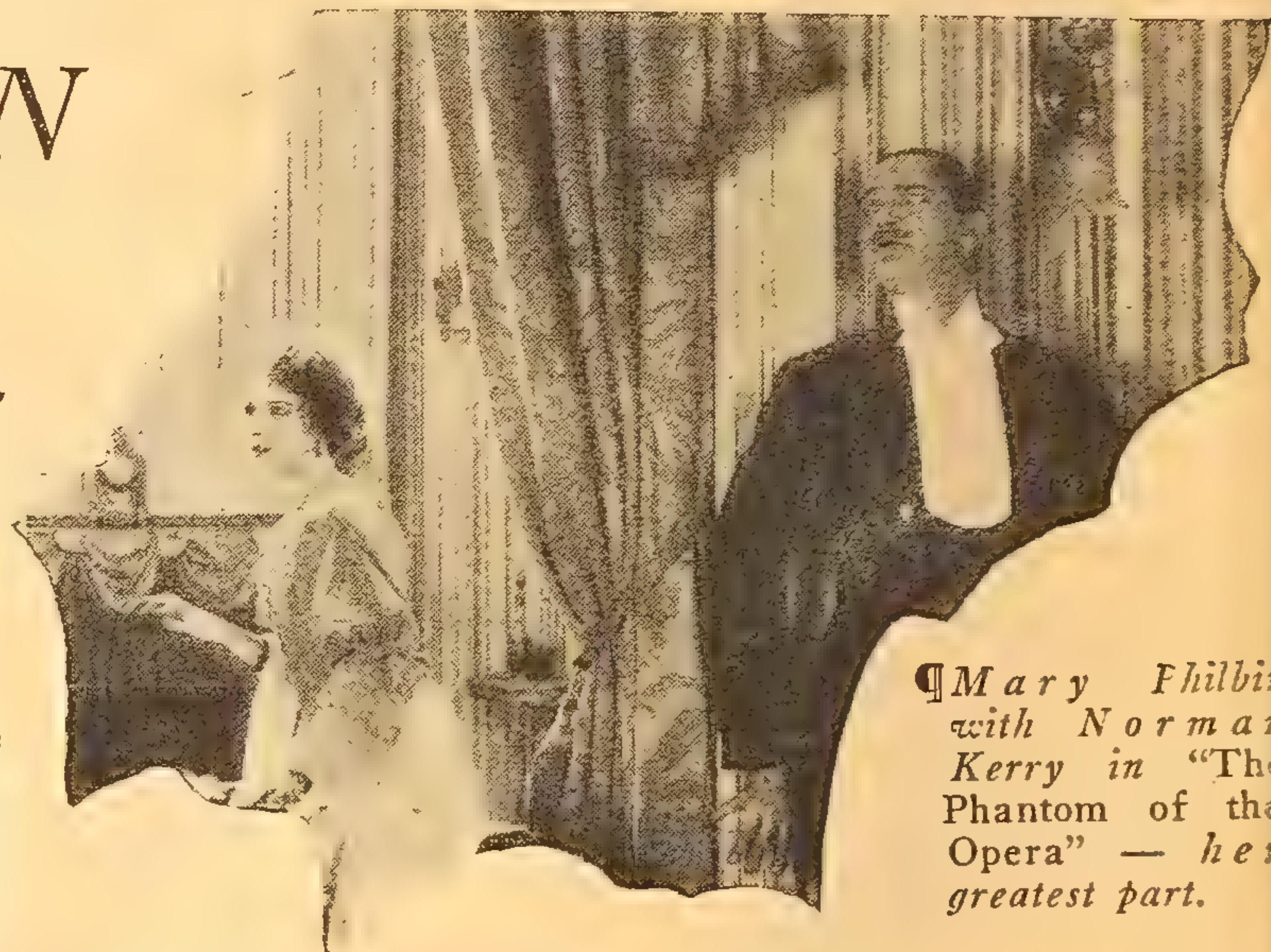
¶ Hello yourself, Walter Hiers!

BEFORE THEY WERE FAMOUS

Stories of the Yesterdays of the Stars

MARY PHILBIN

By Marian Smith Minthorne



¶ Mary Philbin with Norman Kerry in "The Phantom of the Opera" — her greatest part.



¶ The author, dancing with Mary Philbin.

MARY Philbin, the actress, and I were dancing partners, school chums and playmates as girls in Chicago, and there's nothing I like better now than to tell stories about her.

If you had known Mary as a girl there would have been three things about her that you would have noticed especially: first, that she was beautiful in a simple, unassuming way, with lovely long curls that were the envy of all the other girls; second, that, while she is even now

very shy, as a girl she was actually painfully bashful; third, that she lost all nervousness and became completely at ease whenever she appeared on the dance floor or on the stage.

Always on Friday nights after school we went to E. Gladys Price's dancing school, donned our dancing togs, and prepared for dancing and bar work. We were always eager for our lessons, and spent hours practicing. On the platform sat her mother and mine, watching us with hopeful eyes for signs of a second Pavlova.

The music begins, Miss Price joins in, "One, two, forward, side, one, two," and we are started on a two hours workout, all the while proving ourselves deserving of the applause from the scores of boys on the fire-escape.

We were not always confined to this sort of dancing but were given a chance to show our talents in Danse Divertissements which were given regularly by the school. Mary was my partner as Pierrot in a dance, "Pierrot and Pierrette," given at the Lexington Theatre one night. We loved these chances to appear in public.

¶ Mary Philbin, on her graduation day — curls and all.



¶ And as she is today, the dream come true.

Mary was not extremely fond of outdoor sports. Our crowd made a regular daily and nightly habit of skating on the ice which was run into the Midway at Woodlawn Avenue. Night after night we strolled to the Midway but never could we persuade Mary to go. She preferred home and mother to ice and cutting winds.

But how she loved dramatics! I recall a very amusing incident which happened one night shortly before our graduation from grade school. I gave a party for about thirty boys and girls. Our age? About thirteen years. Of course, the evening's entertainment was made up chiefly of "Post Office," "Kiss the Pillow" and the other equally popular games of that kind. Well, Mary was called in by one of the boys, and horrors! she didn't even know how the game was played. She had never before been kissed at a party.

Mary remained all night with me. I can still vision her long curls lying across the pillow. I thought her most beautiful thing in the world! The next morning we arose early and played show until time for her to leave. Mary's favorite bit of acting was the death scene from "Romeo and Juliet," and with my mother's paper knife as dagger, we stabbed ourselves over and over again. And how we cried and emoted!

And Mary could sew. We had to make our middies and skirts in the sewing class at school for graduation. On the waists, there was considerable smocking to be done; mine was a perfect fright, but Mary's was lovely.

STORIES of the
days of long, long
ago, back in
1918 - 1919,
when some
movie stars
were only
fire-flies.



*Ralph Graves
with a delicious
burden.*

On several occasions, we danced for benefits and various charities. One night we performed at the Masonic Temple and another time at a Presbyterian Church on Sixty-Fifth Street. It was this night that Mary did an Egyptian Waltz. With her long hair and flowing veils she was a picture, and so perfect that many did not know until afterward that she was any other than a professional. She received many offers to dance elsewhere and was so delightfully graceful and demure that she fitted into each role.

We were in the same eighth grade at John Fiske School, and it was always up to Mary and me to provide the entertainment for the class. I always played the piano and Mary danced.

We entered Hyde Park High School together and chose the General Course with French and made our way to Session Room 336, Freshman Room. How proud we were to be among the really older students! Mary and I joined both the Choral Society and Glee Clubs and managed to be in two productions given by the school, "Behind the Front" and "A Hermit of Hawaii." In the latter we were Hawaiian dancers.

One cold day we danced at the Indiana Sand Dunes in a pageant. We were representing "Sandpipers" and had to dress in yellow and brown accordingly. We had our pictures in a Chicago paper and were altogether very proud and happy.

After that time we danced at the Khaki and Blue Club for the entertainment of the soldiers and sailors. We had refreshments after our performance and danced with the "boys." Were we grown up? Well, I should say!

But even now, Mary is still a child, the same sweet child who awed the boys with her shyness and innocence back in our schooldays.

Any one who sees Mary as the lovely heroine in "The Phantom of the Opera" cannot fail but be enthusiastic over her beauty and charm and ability. She is famous now, but how can I ever forget the dear, sweet, loving girlhood chum who was loved by all and will continue to flash her perennial youthfulness across the silversheet to thousands!

These stories of the stars of other days are very interesting to all movie fans.

Did you ever know, intimately, one of the present screen favorites?

Write a letter about the girl or boy you know and, if possible, send photograph. Every story printed is well paid for.

Address the Editor SCREEN-
LAND, 236 West 55th Street;
New York, N. Y.

RALPH GRAVES

By Dalcie Rawle

"*FAME is the perfume
of heroic deeds.*"

. . . SOCRATES

RALPH "GRAVES,"—since he chooses nowadays to use that name instead of the name rightfully his,—was to me proof of the wisdom of Socrates!

His school days are not so far removed that he cannot bring them vividly to mind. Studies were never very fascinating for Ralph; he was just going through high school days to get to the bigger and more glorious things that beckoned him toward adventure. Most of the girls primped and fluttered for his attentions, and he was nonchalant in accepting the sweetness of the popular belles; and occasionally stepping on their toes, figuratively speaking.

Somehow, being a year senior to Ralph, I never paid a great deal of attention to him until, going back over an unfortunate study, our courses overlapped and we shared the same professor. Well, to make a long story short—I knew most of the work from former applications—and I liked the glint in Ralph's hair and that boyish open smile—and perhaps we did cheat a little. Hurriedly scribbled "helps" in cases of dire ignorance or whispered "hints" while he shuffled his feet to arise and answer a query were part of the everyday manifestations of a growing acquaintance.

One night we sat out a dance at one of the "East High" social functions and he told me he was going to try for the stage. He had been an "instructor" at the Elysium, an ice-skating palace, and being even slightly in the public eye had given rise to worthier ambitions. I can close my eyes and see him skating briskly with his heavy sweater rolled to his ears and his flashing teeth as he smiled and teased the girls from school.

Not long after that he came one night, flushed and happy, with the news of his first "opportunity." Mary McLane, the egotist, was to produce her book in a movie and Ralph was to play one of the men in the story, "I Mary McLane—and Men Who Have Made Love to Me." Ralph left, somehow 105th street was never the same—our little "dives" seemed empty without him bending over a double chocolate soda, and the dances were faded without his bright head above every other man's.

Months passed, and the "Strand" (since defunct) announced the picture. Perhaps I saw it once or thirty times—I forgot; but the several minutes in which Ralph's pitifully small and unheralded part existed seemed like the "great success" I had wished him.

His history is not unknown from there on—he played minor roles—struggling to keep his head above the waters of oblivion, and finally sprang into prominence with Griffith in some of the best of the great producer's pictures. The best performance I think was his lead in "Dream Street."

Success has come to him, and I wonder if the hope he helped thrive for me that someday he would act in one of my plays will some day come true and bring two old acquaintances together again—after all these years—eight in all!

I wonder if his ready wit and buoyant laughter is as evident as in the old days, but there is one thing I'm sure of—he would have no reason now to borrow a "buck" or two as he used to do from my brother! His success has made me certain, by the deeds I've known him to do, that Socrates certainly knew what was what when he said, "Fame is the perfume of heroic deeds." For Ralph "Graves" has never been anything but a dashing, heroic, lovable lad.

¶ Ralph Graves was an instructor at the Elysium ice-skating palace in Columbus, Ohio, when he was a high-school boy.



¶ Estelle Taylor was a Wilmington, Delaware, girl.

Estelle Taylor

By Mrs. Bernard Schneider

ESTELLE Taylor and I were buddies for a long time. Up until Estelle was married we were like twin sisters. We dressed our hair in the same manner, fashioned our clothes as near alike as possible.

Estelle lived with her grandparents in Wilmington at Fourth and Adams streets in a big three story brick house, and many many times have I gone to spend the night there. One of these occasions I shall never forget. It had snowed all day and when we awoke next morning the snow was banked up high on the window sill. Estelle and I crept out of bed and

(Continued on page 73)

"I always thought he would make his mark,"—did you ever know a starlet?

Write to SCREENLAND about it.



*Posed by Barbara
La Marr and Bert
Lytell in "Sandra"*

The Pictures

I LOVE a motion picture theatre. To me it is a shadowy cathedral. Its deep twilight and starry lights, its pleasant organ music, extend to me a restful haven, a back-water undisturbed by haste.

All men throughout all time have sought quiet places. The noble temples of other ages gave no more harmonious or soothing harbor to weary penitents than the motion picture theatre extends to the busy humans who seek its tranquil spaces.

Even as the shepherds in twilights of other days sat silent beneath the stars in serene contemplation, the day's labor over, so I am glad as evening comes to go to the movies where no spoken word demands answer or action and where beauty and music lead on to unreality and dreams.

The story comes before us, but we need not turn a page. Other lives for an hour or so are our own. Their joys are our joys, their loves are those that we have known.

A movie theatre is a cathedral where again the faithful worship the ancient sagas. Here right triumphs, virtue wins, and no villainy escapes just condemnation. These are the dreams eternal of all men; here we renew our stumbling faiths.

BABIES

What is the elusive quality motherhood gives that has brought to our young screen mothers their great success?

By Delight Evans



¶ *Little Marjorie Walker. What sensitive actress could be closely associated with this darling baby and not gain in beauty and personality?*

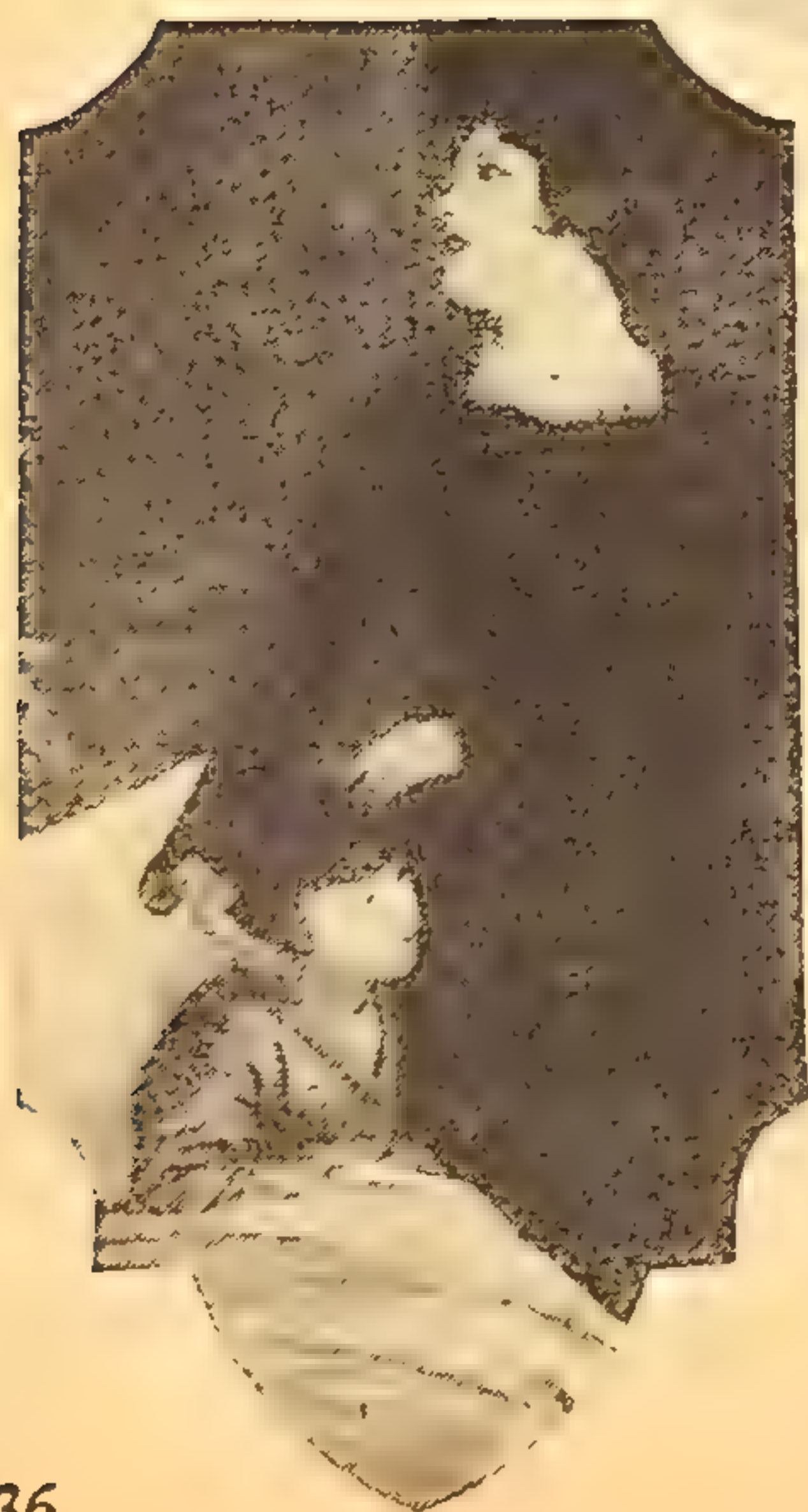


¶ *Beautiful Alice Joyce, mother of two daughters.*

ETHEL BARRYMORE once created quite a furore by coming right out in public and asserting, "No actress can be really great until she has experienced the divine joy of motherhood." Ethel may not have used just the same words; if so, I hereby apologize to her and all her children. But the meaning was the same.

I don't know what it did for art, but it certainly started something. It isn't a matter of theatrical record that some aspiring ingenues immediately began to raise large families. But that remark of Miss Barrymore's instituted a tradition. She was a marvellous advertisement for motherhood. A great actress, she was also a devoted

(Continued on page 73)



¶ *Gloria Swanson climbed to the very pinnacle of success—after she was a mother. This is not her baby.*

¶ *Mr. and Mrs. James Kirkwood. James Jr., has not yet reached the picture age.*



Bring BEAUTY

with
THEM



¶ Claire Windsor and her son, Billy; they are regular pals.



¶ Mary Carr is the mother of seven children. Did you ever see an old maid as lovely as Mary?



¶ Leatrice Joy left the baby at home and set a new style in success in "The Dressmaker from Paris."



¶ Irene Rich and her Riches, Frances and little Jan.

¶ The Barthelmess family—Richard, Mary Hay, and Mary Hay, Junior. You can see the whole family in "New Toys."



New Screenplays

Reviewed By Delight Evans

SCREENLAND'S BEST BET

Of the Month:

¶ The Last Laugh is art of the highest order. Here is no "acting"—but try to think of any greater performance than Emil Jannings as the old doorman!

¶ Oh, go and see it for yourself! And try not to bite your nails.

The LOST WORLD

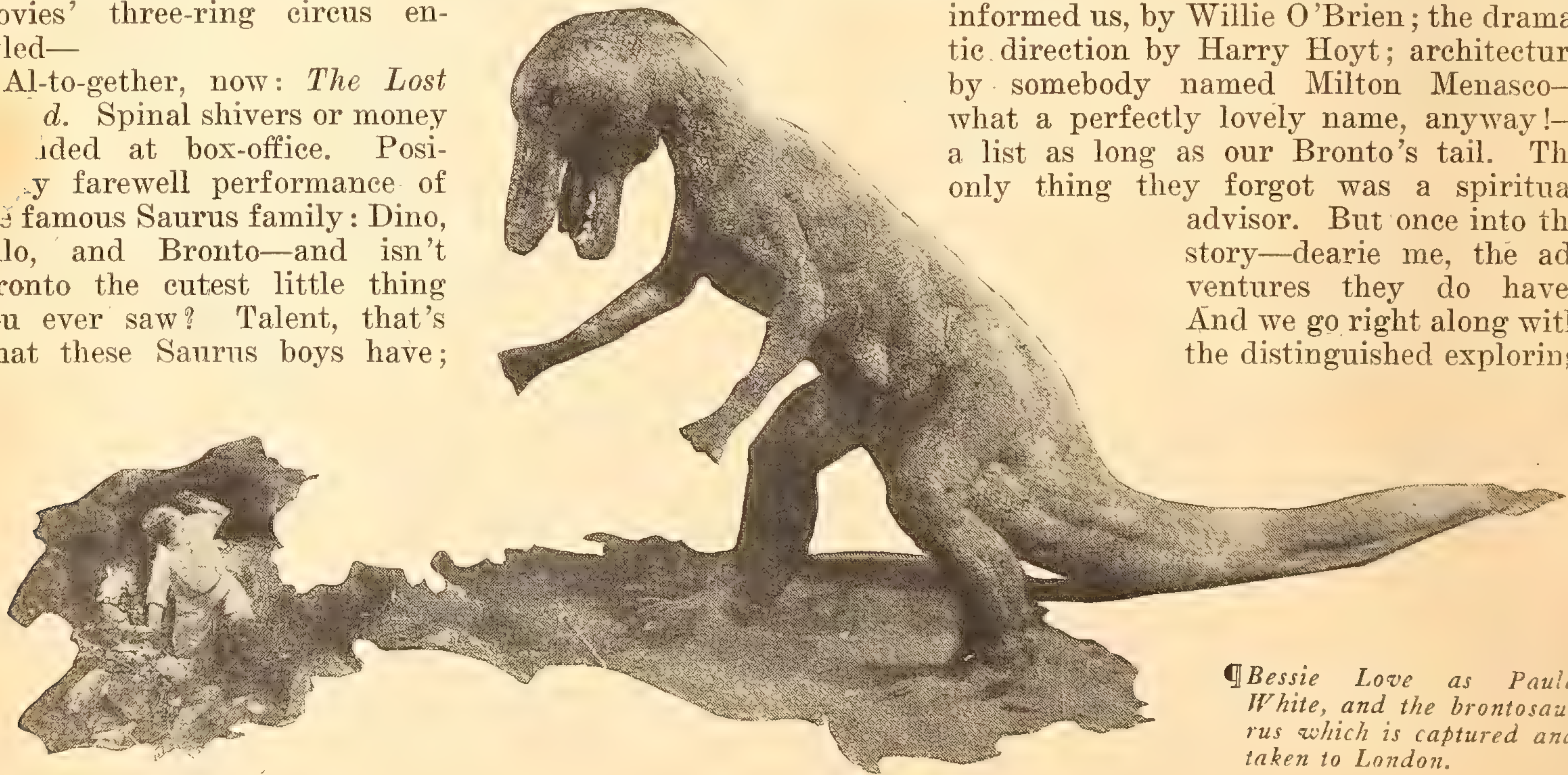
A BOX SEAT AT THE CIRCUS

IF you ever spent an evening deep in a mystery story, shuddering every time you heard a footstep in the hall even though you knew it was only the landlord, dear old fellow; or a creaking board overhead, and finally bounced into bed only to spend the rest of the night wrestling with your pillow in the delusion that it was a crook wanted on three continents—well, then, don't miss the movies' three-ring circus entitled—

Al-to-gether, now: *The Lost World*. Spinal shivers or money piled at box-office. Possibly farewell performance of the famous Saurus family: Dino, Allo, and Bronto—and isn't Bronto the cutest little thing you ever saw? Talent, that's what these Saurus boys have;

and it was worth all the money First National had to pay them to induce them to appear for the first time in ten million years. And they're as spry—some of our juveniles have nothing on them.

They are the stars of the picture version of A. Conan Doyle's fantasy. The picture was made with the assistance of scores of people besides the Saurii. The technical direction was, the introductory titles informed us, by Willie O'Brien; the dramatic direction by Harry Hoyt; architecture by somebody named Milton Menasco—what a perfectly lovely name, anyway!—a list as long as our Bronto's tail. The only thing they forgot was a spiritual advisor. But once into the story—dearie me, the adventures they do have! And we go right along with the distinguished exploring



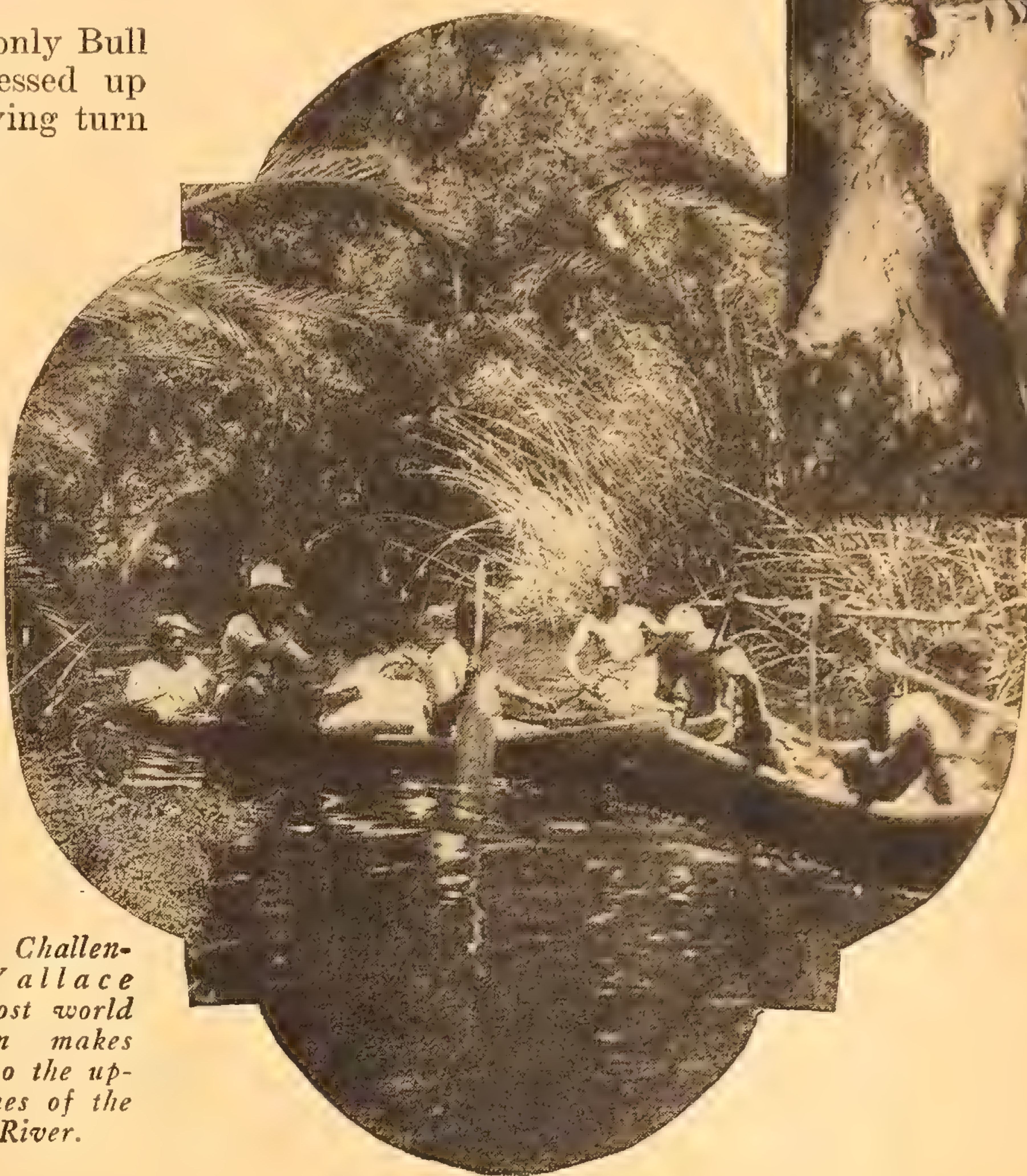
¶ Bessie Love as Paula White, and the brontosaurus which is captured and taken to London.

party which includes our little Love Bessie; Wallace Beery as a blustering and inquisitive scientist—bless his heart, for once he lets the gals alone; Lloyd Hughes—and a really gifted monkey—his name is Jocko but outside of that he is very original. They go to this forbidding plateau to prove that the descendants of the mammoth skeletons you see in museums are still roaming around. And the poor fools find 'em, they do!

Of course, we all know the ape-man is only Bull Montana, our leading heart-breaker, dressed up in a monkey-suit; and if you are of a prying turn of mind you can dope it all out with your neighbor that the Saurii family are only made of clay and camera tricks. But be yourself, kids, and let it get you. It's worth it.

There is enough for critics to laugh over if they have enough sense of humor—the story is simply filled with lost opportunities for dramatic action. But the real thrills—when Dino meets Bronto and they quarrel over the pterodactyl that Bronto stole from Dino three million years ago, and there are close-ups of them with dripping jaws—well, it's better than any spook story. As for the part in which Bronto, brought to London on a leash by Beery, escapes and upsets the town—oh, go and see it for yourself! And try not to bite your nails.

Professor Challenger's (Wallace Beery) lost world expedition makes its way to the upper reaches of the Amazon River.



Paula White faces unknown dangers to carry on her father's work.



“The Last Laugh” is the motion picture!

The LAST LAUGH

THE LAST LAUGH is also the last word.

As far as I am concerned, it is *the* motion picture. But I am not concerned. It is entirely up to you if this German production is to be encouraged to live to a ripe old age; and if it is to be followed by others of the same standard. In other words, you have the last laugh. I hope it's with and not on the picture.

Here is an example of what they're forever talking about: a real screen technique. Not the form of the novel adapted to the screen. Nor that of the spoken drama. But a wholly original screen style. *The Last Laugh*, which has been successively titled *The Least of Men* and *The Last Man*, possesses the peculiar and poignant art which belongs exclusively to the photoplay. Incidentally, it is the most heart-breaking drama I have ever seen anywhere. Have you ever cried tears—real tears—of joy at any entertainment? The theatre I was in might have been an airdome during a spring shower; the tear-drops pour-

ing on the programs gave the same effect.

Here is no attempt at “art.” And yet it is art of the highest order. Here is no “acting”—but try to think of any greater performance than Emil Jannings' as the doorman who is too old for his job, and has to give up his beloved uniform with its gold braid and epaulets. Other producers have spent thousands of iron men and hired thousands of other men and perspired and sworn and worked out advertising campaigns months in advance and offered elaborate presentations—and unfeeling audiences have voted their pictures “flops.” *The Last Laugh* was presented quietly in a Broadway theatre as half of a double bill, the other half being an American comedy; but if its audiences are also unfeeling then I lose my faith in them.

Of course that will make them feel terrible. Perhaps I have gone about my ballyhoo in the wrong way entirely by talk of “technique.” I should have shouted, “Great entertainment!”

It is. It drags you along with it. It will make you laugh one minute, cry the next. And unlike so many sob-inducers, it does not provide the onions. It uses absolutely natural and legitimate means of playing on your emotions. Broadway applauded *The Last Laugh* as they have never applauded an unheralded picture before. And when the lights went up there wasn't an empty seat, or an empty face, in the house.

I wish an American writer had written it, and an American director and cast concerned in its production. It is not easy for us to take a "little import" into our hearts and theatres and acknowledge its greatness. But I don't see how we can get out of it. Myself, I wish to offer, here and now, a prize of a red-plush radio set to any one who remains unmoved.

¶ It is pure pantomime. Only Chaplin could equal Raymond Griffith.

THE BEST MAN WINS

Little Miss Bluebeard



¶ Raymond Griffith scores as a comedian.

JUST as you think there can't be any new gag sprung on you, along comes Raymond Griffith, all dressed up in a cutaway and a silk hat, evolving an entirely original comedy character.

Hitherto our screen comedians have been of the rough-and-ready class. They wear baggy clothes and funny hats. (Their pants are always on their last legs.) But Griffith is a suave, well-dressed, well-meaning, gentlemanly individual; he enters swinging his stick, and whistling a gay tune—oh, well, he would whistle if we could hear him. And if I say he is just as clever in his way as Charles Chaplin is in his, just say I'm crazy, or in love with him, or something like that. After you have seen him in *Forty Winks* or *Little Miss Bluebeard* I'll be laughing at you.

It was in the Bebe Daniels picture, *Miss Bluebeard*, that I first admitted that this fellow Griffith is no accident. I had seen him before, flashing through a film, sometimes grotesque, sometimes funny, always annoyingly different. Somehow he never quite fitted in. He never belonged. Now I know why. His personality is too vivid to fit in; it has to be fitted. And if I were a motion picture producer I'd send out hurry calls for a tailor.

The Daniels picture scintillates when Raymond Griffith appears. He is a vague creature, rather like the best man at a wedding; he is amiable, always in the way, a graceful blunderer. He tries to fix things—and gets thrown out. Our great comedy characters are always the third parties—the extra man—the goat. In *Bluebeard* Griffith tries to make himself useful, and succeeds in making himself a darned nuisance. On one occasion he does an imitation of a cat—the captions don't say cat, but it needs no diagram. It is the funniest thing I have ever seen. It is pure pantomime. Only Chaplin could equal it.



¶ Bebe Daniels as "Little Miss Bluebeard."

¶ Raymond Griffith prances off with the picture.

FORTY WINKS

AN old, old friend of the stage played by a brand-new screen star isn't a bad idea. And it makes *Forty Winks* a good picture. Without Raymond Griffith as *Lord Chumley*, I shudder to think what it could have been if

left to itself. As the final title says, "What of Forty Winks? What, indeed!" Refreshingly frank, that title.

The father of Cecil and William deMille wrote the play; but the picture is embellished with gags and

slapstick and Viola Dana and other entirely cinematic devices. And with good purpose. Off to a slow start, *Forty Winks* works its way up to a hilarious finish—to tell it is to spoil it so I won't. Besides, I can't think of any words to describe the foolishness.

In his dapper disguise, which I venture to predict will soon be very familiar to us, Ray Griffith prances off with the picture. He has competition.—Theodore Roberts, Viola, and others. But it's a habit with him now. And not bad, not bad.



¶ Eleanor Butterworth (Viola Dana) in "Forty Winks" as she commands Lord Chumley (Raymond Griffith). "I want you to promise me that you'll never ride a horse again!"

¶ If you keep awake, there are things worth seeing.

The Salvation Hunters

Just a
Slow-Motion Picture

¶ Georgia Hale and George K. Arthur in Josef von Sternberg's offering, "The Salvation Hunters."



I'm sorry, but I can't get worked up over *The Salvation Hunters*. One way or the other. The thing to do is to take it awfully seriously. Mary Pickford and Doug and Charlie did, and it fooled everybody else into doing so too. The few in these parts who agreed with the Big Three's critical judgment almost came to blows with those who scoffed at the Josef von Sternberg offering. It went so far that some were letting such words as "A r t" and

"Bunk" out of their dictionaries, when they should have saved them for cross-word puzzle use. It looks, from my seat somewhere in the eighth row on the aisle, that neither "Art" nor "Bunk" describes this picture. There is a little of both used in the production, but not much.

If you can keep awake, there are things worth seeing. But the young director seems to have instructed his equally young players to do their parts as if they were walking in their sleep. The result is a two-reel idea that takes five reels to unfold. It's a very simple idea, you can count on that. Almost nothing happens.

Georgia Hale, despite the handicap of direction which requires her to move like the girls' hundred-yard-dash champion filmed by the slow-motion news-reel guys, looks as if she possesses enough spirit to have beaten up the entire cast. She has an interesting face and an expressive body, and if she is given a chance will probably whirl her way into stardom. She's to be Charlie Chaplin's leading woman next, I hear; and I only hope she doesn't use slow motion methods dodging Charlie's slapstick. Still, in comedy the misses are the hits.

¶ *A haphazard, fifty-fifty affair that has its moments.*

DEVIL'S CARGO

WORSE - THAN - DEATH

THE trouble with the movies—yes, I've fallen for it, too—every-

body else has tried diagnosing their ailments, and I want my fling—the trouble is that there are too many labels. The minute Tom Meighan, Milton Sills, or Conway Tearle walks on the screen, I see a placard announcing "Sterling Manhood." Barbara La Marr, or Aileen Pringle, might just as well wear labels marked "Sex Appeal." Similarly, whenever I see good old Wallace Beery coming I see written in flaming letters across his shirt-front, "Worse-than-Death." No

matter if his particular vehicle happens to be a society drama of the drawing rooms or a tropical drama of the south seas—I put it that way because the posters usually do—I know in advance that before long Beery will narrow his eyes at the heroine and the chase will begin. The poor girl will run from chair to chair or crag to crag according to locale, getting her Paris



¶ *William Collier, Jr., Pauline Starke and Wallace Beery are the three important figures in "The Devil's Cargo."*

frock or her leopard skin torn to shreds; Wallace will clench his fists, leer again, and lurch after her, and they'll keep that up until the hero comes limping in like a telegraph messenger-boy, saying, "Thank God, I'm not too late!" When everybody is hoping he is. That's how popular Wallace Beery is getting.

I prefer Beery's leers to any other man's. And when he is given a chance he'll put across a characterization that hides his label of "Expert Villain." He does this beautifully in *The Devil's Cargo*—a haphazard, fifty-fifty affair that has its moments, but is entitled to applause chiefly on the strength of Beery's bully.

He plays something on a



¶ *March (Claire Adams) and Ben (Wallace Beery) on the river boat. Wallace Beery can hardly appear on the screen but what I seem to see written across his forehead—Worse-than-death.*

ship—not the captain or the bowsprit—I think it's the stoker; or if it isn't it ought to be. Sort of a *Hairy Ape*. He sees his chance when the ship is set adrift, throws Raymond Hatton in a captain's cap overboard, and assumes command, out where the leers begin. He goes after the girls right and left—Pauline Starke or Claire Adams, it's all the same to him. Owing to the fact that we have never yet seen Beery get his girl, there wasn't much suspense.

We knew there would be an opportune rescue for the heroine from that fate which the scenario writers have informed us is "worse-than-death." But that's not Mr. Beery's fault.

I should think, though, that he would be glad to let them slice his salary just once if they'd let him turn the tables on the scenario writers. Think of the sensation it would cause—headlines—"Wally Beery Gets Girl—Trapped in Hut—Hero Sprains Spur—Arrives Too Late." Gosh!

¶ *Mary Hay is a charming and quaint personality.*



¶ *Will Webb (Richard Barthelmess) meets Mary Lane (Mary Hay) doing a "Peter Pan," and is completely smitten.*

¶ *The neglected husband practices strong-arm methods for the edification of the baby.*

NEW TOYS

DICK'S PRETTY NEW RATTLE

NEW TOYS may be all right, but Dick Barthelmess had better stick to his old ones and not go peeking in strange nurseries. That title is appropriate; the star is playing with a nice, bright, shiny new toy—comedy. But he plays too hard. He just wears himself out.



New Toys should have made a good vehicle for the talents of Mr. Barthelmess and his cunning little wife Mary Hay. It misses fire and emerges as a very dull domestic affair. The reason is that they all—Dick, Mary, and director Robertson—took it too seriously. I can just see the trio declaring desperately, "Now, this has got to be funny," and clenching their teeth and their fists and going to it. The whole picture shows the strain. There's nothing fresh or spontaneous about it. I may be wrong, but to me Richard is no comedian, and the harder he

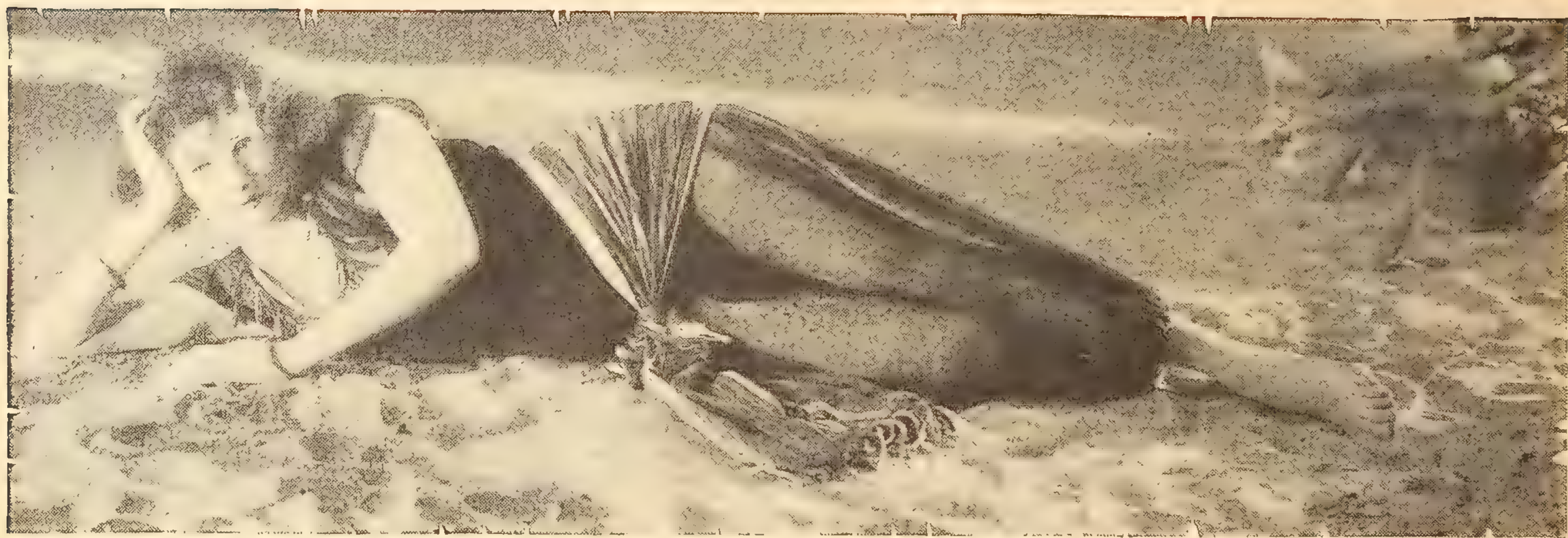
tries to be, the more appallingly unfunny he becomes. He's a great actor when he stays in his own backyard of serious drama. In *New Toys* he strays far, far away.

Mary Hay is better than Dick is. Comedy is her playground, and while she shows her screen inexperience, she is a charming and quaint personality—she could do the sort of things Dorothy Gish used to do. As for Clifton Webb, the third principal of the cast, he came from the stage, and he should have stayed there.

¶ *It's another spectacle—with, supposedly, thousands of extras.*

CHU CHIN CHOW

CHEERIO—CHIN CHIN!



¶ *Betty Blythe, the only familiar figure (and we use figure advisedly) plays Zahrat, the most beautiful girl.*

CHU CHIN CHOW might be an old-fashioned toast, a railroad drama, or a Chinese delicacy. No such luck, though—it's another spectacle. The kind with, supposedly, thousands of extras; but all the time I got the impression that they were working a handful of poor supers to death rushing them back and forth in front of the camera. As a spectacle on the stage *Chu Chin Chow* had at least the merits of color and dancing girls; as a picture, it's a darned shame.

They made it in England with all the dash and verve of a dress rehearsal in the high-school auditorium—the time, you remember, when everything went wrong, from the hero forgetting his lines to the curtain coming down too soon.



¶ *Such was the love of Zahrat (Betty Blythe) and Omar (Jameson Thomas) before the depredations and intrigues of *Chu Chin Chow* had begun.*

Those playing in *Chu Chin Chow* all work very hard, but somehow they can't seem to get imbued with the oriental idea. They wear their Persian and Chinese costumes in the same spirited manner one sees in department store windows. Betty Blythe, the only familiar figure, and I use figure advisedly, plays *Zahrat*, the most beautiful girl in all—in all—well, it isn't Spain, but it might be almost anywhere else.

One thing about *Chu Chin Chow*, though—it is quite long. And the musical score—cymbals smashing, and all that—will warn you when to open one eye and watch the screen. Well, toodle-oo! The next spectacle may have everything this one has, and more too.

LEARNING to LOVE

RISING YOUNG ACTRESS MAKES GOOD

YES, sir, it does look as if she'll be stepping right out among 'em if she keeps this up. Hard work, and perseverance—you stick right to it, little girl; and before very long you'll see your name up in electric lights, one o' these days.

This young girl, folks, named Constance Talmadge,

thing is about; and from the way she acted, Tony must have been a graduate professor. John Emerson and Anita Loos thought up the story and Connie acts it out just the way they must have intended her to. So that's why I say, keep an eye on this girl. The world is going to hear about her some day, just mark my words.



¶ Pat Stanhope (Constance Talmadge) in Europe is rudely awakened by her irate husband, after she had left him in the good old U.S.A. to obtain a divorce in Paris.

is considered quite a com-ee-dyenn, and I was tipped off that great things are expected of her. Of course, you can't expect her to shoot up all of a sudden like a sky-rocket, but with good pictures she's bound to have things coming her way. Take this, here, now *Her Night of Romance*. You can't find a better comedy than that, anywhere. It's slick, that's what it is—slick. Connie—that's what folks who know her call her—Connie, she plays a rich young millionaire's daughter who thinks she has heart trouble—and is sure of it after she meets Ronald Colman. Ronnie isn't so dumb, either, and he pretends he's her doctor. Well, say, there's all kinds of a mix-up; and it takes a whole picture to prove to Connie that Ronnie isn't after her money and to Ronnie that Connie doesn't care what he's after so long as he doesn't overlook her heart. You ought to see it. This Connie looks pretty as a picture—a movin' picture—ha ha!

And no sooner does she hand out one like that when along she comes in another good one, *Learning to Love*. She's always in love and somebody's always in love with her, which isn't so peculiar. But there's so many in love with her that when she really falls for Tony Moreno her style is sort of cramped, and for the first time in her life she takes it all seriously. She has to learn all over again just what this love



¶ Constance Talmadge and Antonio Moreno as Pat Stanhope and Scott Warner in "Learning to Love."

EXCUSE ME.

WAS a lot of fun until somebody—I suspect Rupert Hughes—had the brilliant idea of putting a kick at the finish. They wrote in a burning bridge and a railroad wreck. Up to then it was an engaging farce, sufficiently sophisticated, and yet artless, to challenge comparison to any enjoyable nonsense the screen has had. By taking itself seriously at the last moment it leaves a vaguely unpleasant impression—something like a pill after the sugar has worn off. Norma Shearer and Conrad Nagel as the youthful nearly-weds show an unexpected gift for deft comedy characterization.

SOME New Films

By Martin B. Dickstein

¶ *While the cowslips bring blooms to the pastures, the pictures are blooming in town.*



SPRING is here, folks: flowers are blooming in the window boxes up and down the 2nd Avenue Elevated Line; birds are singing (or should be); the hurdy-gurdies are out playing all the latest "I-wanna-go-back" songs, and the starlets in Hollywood have all returned from New York stocked to their trunk tops with all the last minute modes in furs.

It is no fit time, this, for a young man's fancy to turn to thoughts of the vicissitudes of the silent drama. But with us business is business. Now more than ever before must be told to a public that waits with mouths a-water the true condition of the Spring-time product of the picture studios. So, to get down to the serious business of criticism.

In a day when everything is measured in split seconds, even to clocking a total eclipse of the sun and limiting a cross-word puzzler to the time it takes the South Ferry subway to make Bowling Green from Brooklyn Bridge, it is meet and proper that

¶ *Leonore Bewlay (Mary Astor) in "Enticement," freed by the war from conventionalities, goes to a small town in Switzerland to spend a vacation with her friend, Richard Valryan (Ian Keith).*

the movies should glorify the elements of time. And so it comes to pass, after "The Speed Spook" and "The Fast Worker," that a producer tacks a fillum onto the second hand of his watch and calls it "Super Speed."

It's terrible, the pace they're setting us poor celluloid meter readers. It's enough to take the breath away from even our friend, Mike, who runs the chute-the-chutes summertimes down at Coney Island.

It seems that Claire Knight—they're never any different out in Hollywood—was waylaid by a gang of thugs one morning just as Pat O'Farrell was making the rounds of his milk route. Pat came to the rescue and revived the lady with a quart bottle of Grade A, after which she nominated him her butter-and-egg man for the rest of the picture. And thus we are catapulted into one of the most desperate melodramas that ever caused a milkman to forget to collect the empties on your back porch.

Claire's father was a manufacturer of motor cars

who had to meet a lot of notes on a certain day or assign the whole works over to a crooked lawyer who looked very much like Sheldon Lewis. Yes, it was Sheldon Lewis. So Pat, the milkman, locked the grey mare and the white wagon in the stable and prepared to win the road race which would sell enough Knight cars to lift the mortgage. The usual things happened which almost prevented Pat from driving the car, the Knight won the day and the milkman gave up his job to accept a junior partnership in the business of turning out enough super-Knights to

figures which rank the intelligence of movie goers somewhere between the ages of eight and twelve." And then, seeing "The Parasite," we were almost convinced that this smart-aleck reviewer was right.

Before plunging into the hokum of the thing, the producers of this film introduce a foreword to recall a case in Los Angeles not so long ago in which a woman gave her blood and her life to save that of her little nephew. Possibly you remember the case—Mrs. Kelty? Well, anyway, the same situation is presented in "The Parasite" with not too many



keep Claire in Grade A milk for the rest of her life. That's the story, children, and it's the fastest moving thing since Halley's Comet.

Reed Howes, we found, was a most personable hero in a characterization which even Reginald Denny couldn't improve upon one whit, and Mildred Harris was the fairest Knight that ever settled over the Hollywood hills. You'll like this movie if you don't try to guess who'll win the road race. You're bound to get it right the first time.

* * *

On the way over to see the new Schulberg-Preveder production, "The Parasite," we were drawn, willingly enough, into a discussion on that ancient geys of the screen—Hokum. One of the reviewers of a contemporary journal of the cinema was responsible for a statement that hokum is sometimes very true to life. That is a fact you may take straight or diluted in a lot of salt water. "It all depends," quoth our contemporary, "whether or not we agree with the scoffers who point sneeringly to

¶ Joan Laird (Madge Bellamy) in "The Parasite," rescues little Bertie (Bruce Guerin) after his mother's car plunges over a cliff.

dramatic flourishes. Of course, it's not really hokum, you know, having proved that it was actually based on something that really happened. The story, in brief, concerns a divorcee who, on learning of her ex-husband's new prosperity, attempts to win herself back into his good graces. At a party she tries to reconcile herself to the child but the kid is very apparently more friendly to daddy's new girl friend. The mother kidnaps her son and in the chase that follows, her car plunges over a cliff. The heroine, pursuing, proves herself "the greatest mother of them all" by going over the cliff, rescuing the little fellow and bringing him back to his dada. Follows the usual reunion—and three faces turn toward the sunset. It's lovely. Possibly it is a vindication of all the Pollyanna endings that ever happened. Owen Moore and Madge Bellamy have the leading roles; little Bruce Guerin is the innocent bone of the five thousand odd feet of contention; and Lilyan Tashman gives an excellent performance as the mother who

(Continued on page 72)

BEGINNERS' CHANCES

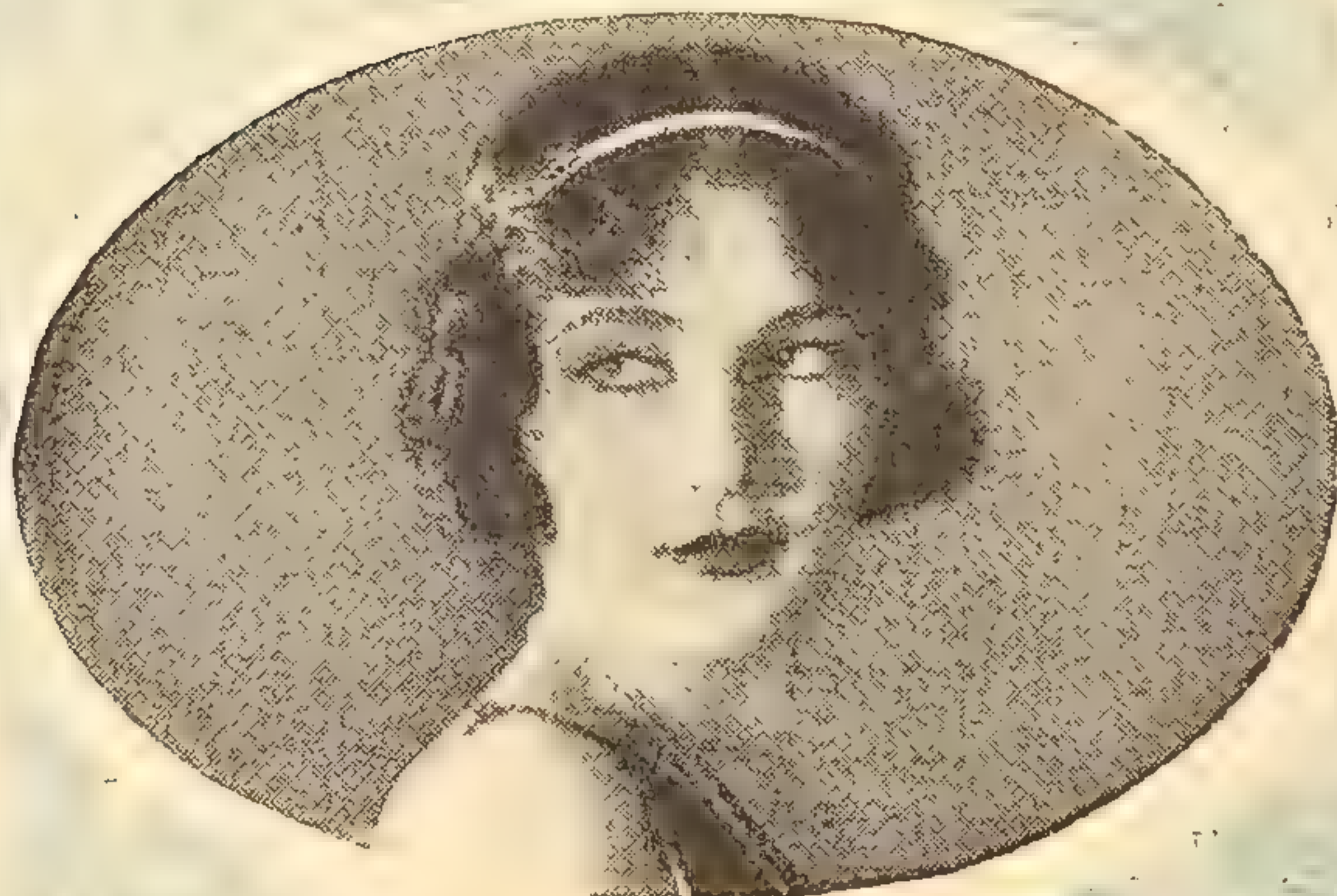
¶ "We are anxious to secure new screen faces and have recently signed up a number of unknown players."



¶ Lillian Rich found herself in "The Golden Bed."



¶ Frances Howard met screen success with "The Swan."



¶ Jane Winton — excellent in "The Golden Bed" and "Tomorrow's Love."



YOUTH will be served—and will be screened, if Jesse Lasky has his way.

Never before in the history of the screen has there been such glorious opportunity as now for the ambitious player to succeed to great responsibilities. Whereas the closed door and frowning casting director have been, in the past, the lot of the applicant for movie jobs, all this is changed.

The success of little Betty Bronson who is now numbered among the great stars has not been lost on the famous men of the Famous Players. And other companies are studying the girls in the small parts and looking over the "extras" with a care never before known.

There is another factor in this situation. We have grown familiar with the old stars and with the old stars' sisters, and with the old stars'



¶ Betty Bronson has the lead in "Are Parents People?"

NEVER BETTER''

By Jesse L. Lasky
PARAMOUNT PRODUCTION CHIEF

sisters' husbands, and, oftentimes, with their second and third cousins. It seemed at one time that a sure way to get into the movies was to be connected with a star by marriage, and then your histrionic abilities would be recognized immediately, whether they existed or not.

The good work done by the well known stars has extended beyond the limits of the studio, to the very boundaries of Fandom itself, until the ordinary movie goer knows more than ever before about what he can expect from a screen player.

The wonder of tricky photographic effects, gorgeous settings and elaborate wardrobes has passed. It is a blasé and sophisticated audience that has to be entertained, and this is only possible by using talented screen players.



¶ Vera Reynolds won success from "Feet of Clay."



¶ Greta Nissen signed for leading roles.



¶ Esther Ralston will lead "The Beggar on Horseback."



¶ Mary Brian — "Wendy" will be "The Little French Girl."

The Wizard of Oz



¶ One of the invaders of the Land of Oz disguises as a lion to save his skin.



¶ Oliver (Babe) Hardy as the Tin Man, Dorothy Dwan as Dorothy, and Larry Semon disguised as the Scarecrow.

¶ In the Poppy Fields Larry Semon disguises as the Scarecrow to give the Wizard of Oz (Charles Murray) a chance to work his magic.



The *Dressmaker* from Paris



¶ Billy (Allan Forrest) gladly accepts the talisman from Fifi (Leatrice Joy).



¶ Leatrice Joy as Fifi, about to fit a biscuit into her overalls.

¶ Leatrice Joy returns to the screen as a dressmaker and cuts a gay figure.

RECOMPENSE

Warner Brothers present Robert Keable's novel which is a sequel to his "Simon Called Peter".



¶ The joyous abandon of Armistice Day! The cup of Life brimming over with ecstasy.

¶ Peter, an Army Chaplain (Monte Blue), and Julie, the gay little nurse (Marie Prevost), carry on, war or no war.

SEVEN CHANCES

With
Buster Keaton



☐ Buster Keaton, *Seven Million Dollar Kid*, must be married by 5 o'clock on his twenty-seventh birthday — and his best girl (Ruth Dwyer) turns him down.

☐ The news leaks out, and Buster is simply carried away with emotion.

Playing With Souls

¶ Mary Astor and Jacqueline Logan lead Buster Collier to his most important achievement.



¶ At the tender age of 20, Mathew Dale, Jr. (Buster Collier), becomes engaged to Margo (Mary Astor), and then goes to Paris.



¶ Bricotte (Jacqueline Logan) fights to hold her man, Matt, Jr., whom she has befriended in Paris.



¶ But after his mad debauch in Paris, Matt, Jr., succeeds in bringing his erring parents together, and finally marries Margo and they live happily ever after — etc., etc.

PERCY

with
Charles Ray
and
Barbara Bedford



Imogene (Barbara Bedford) comforts the fiddler in his distress.



Percy, Charles Ray, sets forth with Holy Joe.

Charles Ray, the Desert Fiddler, in the Red Owl Saloon, expresses with his violin his appealing wistfulness.



DECLASSEE

The film of Zoe Akins' Play.



¶ With Lady Helen Haden (Corinne Griffith) and Rudolph Solomon (Clive Brook).



¶ Corinne Griffith, though the tempter implores, remains unmoved.



¶ Lady Helen cannot forget Ned Thayer (Lloyd Hughes) whom she banished.



¶ Alone and penniless in America, Lady Helen is cornered on the hotel sofa, but she keeps her skirts clear.

New Lives for Old



¶ *De Montrichard* (Theodore Kosloff) welcomes Olympe (Betty Compson) back to Paris with a gracious salute.



¶ *Olympe dances at the cafe.*



¶ *Hugh* (Wallace Macdonald) bids Olympe farewell before leaving for the line of action in France.



¶ *Hugh and Olympe with Peter, the duck, march at the head of the American troops. A war well won and hearts well lost.*



Lew Cody Looking exactly the way every man in the world thinks he looks on an "occasion".

What the WELL DRESSED



Photographed by Pach Bros.

It is an essential part of this costume, the nonchalant, careless thoroughbred manner. Bert Lytell

*S*HEIK *will* WEAR

DRAMALAND

How good little stage plays become movie successes and live forever

By Myron Zobel

KLAW THEATRE, January 19, 1925—*They Knew What They Wanted* is the name of Sidney Howard's play; and the movies if *They Know What is Good for Them* will buy it and put it on. Here is the reason:

Reel One—Tony is the kind of part George Beban would sell his soul for. You know the tender heart-wringing sort of part I mean. Well, Tony has grown rich on his vineyard in California, and the play opens on the day of his wedding. Amy, the girl he is going to marry, worked in a Dago restaurant in San Francisco and Tony saw her there just once and carried on the rest of his courtship by correspondence. It seems he sent her a picture, too. But not of himself; he sent one of a young good looking worker of his.

¶ *Harry K. Morton and Odette Myrtil in "The Love Song."*



Reel Two—Amy arrives from Frisco and there is nobody down to meet her. Tony had started down in the Ford but somehow failed to find her.

Amy comes up to the house and is met by Joe. Now Joe is the one whose picture was sent her and so she thinks it is Joe she is to marry. It seems the poor gal was so sick of serving spaghetti that when she got the letter of proposal she made up her mind to marry no matter what the husband looked like. Blanche Sweet was made to play the part of Amy, and Joe is the kind of a role that Jack Holt, for example, might play, if he weren't a star.

¶ *"Love and Hierarchy" in Balieff's new Chauve-Souris, under the direction of Morris Gest.*





¶ Madge Kennedy and Gregory Kelly in "Badges."

Photograph by Oxford Studio

Reel Three—Tony is brought in on a stretcher. The Ford had gone over a cliff in his wild ride to meet Amy. However the legs are set, and that very afternoon the marriage takes place. After the wedding supper Tony is put to bed for the night and Joe comes back to say good-bye to Amy. He is leaving in the morning for another job. It is then that Amy shows that she loves Joe and not her husband, and she dashes out into the night followed in full pursuit by her ardent lover.

Reel Four—Tony has recovered, and his kindness and big-heartedness toward Amy have quite won her love. In fact everybody loves Tony and hates to see him hurt



¶ Marie Saxon in "My Girl."

Photograph by Carlo Leonetti



¶ Martha Mason in "The Student Prince."

in any way. And he is about to be hurt. Badly hurt. It seems that Amy is about to have a baby. It is all the result of that mad moment when Amy rushed out into the night. (I don't know how the censors are going to get around this situation. Maybe they can prove that Amy was the wife of somebody else by a former marriage) Of course Joe is the father. And what will Tony say?

Reel Five—Amy and Joe prepare to go away together. Just at that moment Tony hobbles in on his crutches. Amy tells him all. He raises his crutch as if to strike her when Joe appears in the doorway. Tony limps to where his rifle is hanging. Tony and Joe struggle. Tony falls, his half-crippled limbs giving way beneath him. As he falls he clutches Amy's skirt. He will not let her leave him. He tells her he will take care of her child as though it were his own. He tells her he loves her enough to forgive her. He is glad she is going to have a baby; he has always wanted a baby to leave his money to. Amy is convinced. She stays. And Joe leaves with

the philosophical remark that "No one ain't got no kick coming—leastwise not much of a one." They knew what they wanted. They got it.

BELMONT THEATRE, January 20, 1925—"Mrs. Partridge Presents—" a new comedy by Mary Kennedy and Ruth Hawthorne, is the kind of a play that Pauline Fredericks would enjoy doing. Now listen to this, children, and see if you don't agree with me:

Reel One—Mrs. Partridge is a woman of forty with a son, a daughter and a career. The career is her own creation; the son and daughter required the co-operation of her husband—whose memory she does not revere—so of course she prefers the career to the children.

Reel Two—Now it happens—as so often is the case—that Delight and Philip do not agree with Mama as to their own careers. For Mama has decided that Delight shall be an actress and Philip an artist. Philip wants to be an engineer and a regular fellow. Delight wants to be a wife and a regular mother. And she has the young man all picked out. His name is Sydney Armstead.

Reel Three—Mama's career is hats and gowns and she has risked it all by mortgaging the business in order to buy Delight a part in a new musical comedy. Sydney objects to Delight going on the stage. (He has old-fashioned ideas about such things, you see). Mama insists. Delight is torn between filial affection and marital passion, if you get what I mean.

Reel Four—It is the opening night of the musical comedy. Also the opening day of Mama's new hat shop. Mama is employing all her executive ability, maternal resourcefulness and angelic patience all at once. (Can't you just see Pauline Fredericks doing that!) Enter Sydney and demands why Mama refuses him the hand of Delight in marriage. Because, says Mama, you are a regulation nice young man who is willing to trade your respectable name for all the romance, originality and spirit of my daughter's life.

Reel Five—Enter Philip and declares that he does not want to be an artist. The ticket is bought for

the engineering trip to Spain. Mama agrees reluctantly, for another ambition of hers has been snuffed out. But her vitality returns, and she throws herself whole-heartedly into the work of opening the new hat shop.

Reel Six—Enter Delight and Sydney. They are married and Delight is *not* going to open in the musical comedy in which Mama has sunk all of her money. Mama at this point is nearly sunk herself. But Sydney has plenty of money and agrees to make up the deficit. And the new shop is about to open. Mama therefore still has something to occupy her mind. She is saved again. It is another case of every one knowing what he wanted and getting it in the end.

EARL CARROLL THEATRE, January 21, 1925. *Desire Under the Elms* is a typical Eugene O'Neill play written by Eugene O'Neill. The only part of the play that is suitable for movie production is the title and they would have to cut the elms out of that.

Reel One—Ephraim Cabot is a God-fearing New England Farmer of the very old school. He still believes in a personal Hell and tries to illustrate it by his treatment of his children. Of these he has three—Ebben, Simeon and Peter. Get those names; then tune in on the story.

Reel Two—Ephraim has just taken unto himself a third spouse. A comely wench is she. Simeon and Peter, sons of the first of these, are tired of their charming home-life amidst the beauties of a rocky farm and strike out for Californ-i-ay. But not before they have roundly cursed their father and his bride and been roundly cursed by both of them in turn. All in the best O'Neill manner.

Reel Three—Ebben remains because he feels that the farm is rightfully his. He is the son of the second wife of Ephraim, and he hates his father with a particularly bitter hate because he feels that Ephraim has killed his mother by abuse and cheated him out of his inheritance from her.

Reel Four—Abbie—that is the third Mrs. Cabot—neither loves nor understands Ephraim. But she knows that her husband wants a son. He has pro-

(Continued on page 72)



WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE?

¶ Our own etiquette lessons.

¶ Constance Talmadge, "Antonio Moreno, and a terrible "faux pas."

¶ Answer: He kept his hat on, and "She thought he was a fish."

Gossip from SCREEN LAND

By H. B. K. Willis



¶ *Mae Murray and the dancingst legs on the screen—in "The Merry Widow."*



¶ *The thing about Mae is she always lands.*

Dear Madam, Miss, or What Are You?

GLORIA Swanson and Estelle Taylor are the lasses on whom Fortune has smiled.

Gloria has gained a marquis and a place in the Almanach du Gotha. Estelle married the Buddha of Boxing, Jack Dempsey, heavyweight champion of the world.

Gloria has had a long, hard fight from the very bottom of the cinema ladder to a high and dizzy rung. Twice matrimony has given her a fillip instead of affection. The little Gloria whom she shields so carefully is all that is left of her romance with Herbert Somborn, millionaire clubman. She never speaks, her intimates say, of the headlong affair of her bathing girl days at Mack Sennett's with Wallie Beery, celebrated "villain" of today.

Comparatively few ever heard of the marquis until Gloria became his marchioness. Every one thought a marquee was a gaudy, gigantic umbrella for a garden party. Though she is now the Marchioness de la Falaise, to all the movie world she will ever be Gloria.

She stoutly affirms she didn't marry for a title. She wants six more

babies! The maternal has always been strong in Gloria. The care with which she administered her gorgeous Beverly Hills mansion, in which the only loving note was the piping voice of her daughter, always attested that.

Estelle Taylor is simply telling the world of her love for Jack Dempsey. He renounced the bejeweled belt and title as champion of the prize-ring to please her. She says she would marry him if he had never won renown, for it was a case of love at first sight through the door of a telephone booth in little Old New York eight years ago when she was studying dramatics and Dempsey the "rabbit" punch. He became heavyweight champion two years later.

"I learned to love him when I learned to rely on him," Estelle says. "One day there was rather serious trouble at the studio. I went to Jack and wept on his shoulder. He straightened all the troubles out. He was a real friend. His advice was impersonal. He didn't try to take my hand and say, 'There, there little girl, let's go to a show and talk this all over.' It was then I discovered how much I needed him."



¶ *Pauline Garon—is to have the second lead in "Rose of the World."*

"Why I would have married Jack if he had never whipped anybody in his life. I love him because he is a real man with a big, kind heart," she exclaimed.

There is a little sentiment attached to Wallace MacDonald's appearance on the Lasky lot, opposite Miss Compson, in "New Lives for Old." For eight years he has worked in pictures and worked hard. All this time he has longed to appear in a Paramount picture made in the Famous Players-Lasky Hollywood studio. He has been a close friend of many of the company's biggest officials and directors but has never asked for work there. His role with Miss Compson is the culmination of eight years of hoping.

Wallace MacDonald is a Canadian. He served three year in the Canadian expeditionary forces during the World War. Doris May, a screen



¶ *The Marquise and the Marquis de la Falais de la Coudraye. Mr. and Mrs. Gloria Swanson.*

¶ *The versatile Wallace MacDonald has arrived. Famous Players gave him the lead in "New Lives for Old" with Betty Compson.*

favorite before she retired to devote herself to her home, is his wife.

* * *

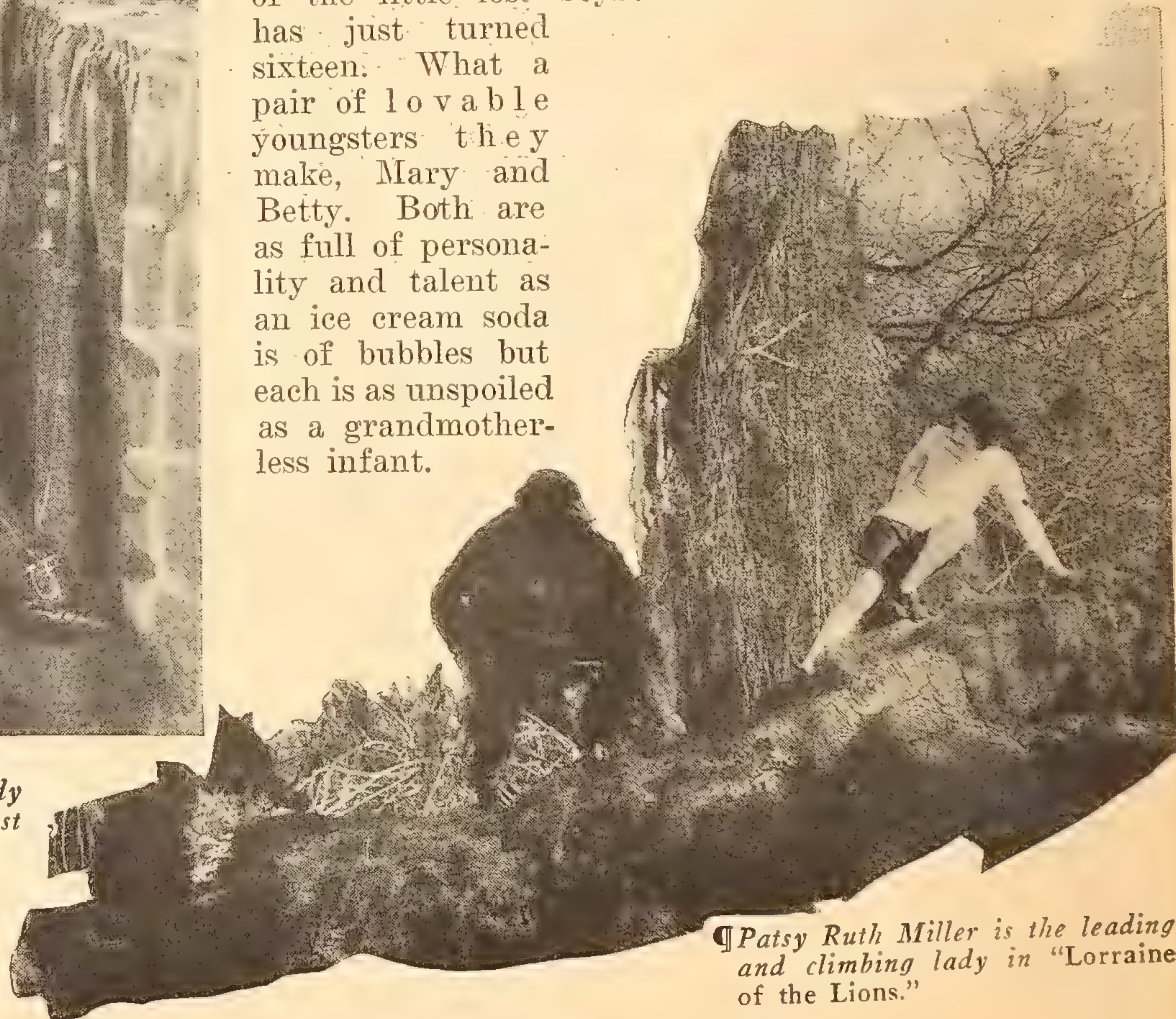
There have been but a few movie meteors the last few months but then suddenly a whole new crop of phenomenal successes appeared to clutter up the cinema sky. "Peter Pan" has been a fairy story in more ways than one.

Every one is familiar with the story of Betty Bronson and how she put the noses of many filmlanders out of joint by winning the James Barrie role. The story of her screen test and its effect on Sir James has, for the moment, eclipsed an equally amazing ascent to stardom.

Do you remember Wendy—charming little mother of the little lost boys? That was Mary Brian who has just turned sixteen. What a pair of lovable youngsters they make, Mary and Betty. Both are as full of personality and talent as an ice cream soda is of bubbles but each is as unspoiled as a grandmotherless infant.



¶ *Norma Shearer as a "Lady of the Night." It's her first bad, bad girl part.*



¶ *Patsy Ruth Miller is the leading and climbing lady in "Lorraine of the Lions."*

Next Mary Brian will be seen in the title role of "The Little French Girl." And if that isn't a story about fairy land, we'll buy!

There is something about Mary Brian that just hits you right in the eye. It isn't her ingenuousness, nor her beauty nor her charm. I guess it's her sympathy. She makes a fellow feel that he really amounts to something after all. To win a smile from her is like taking a drink of heady wine, something to be remembered these arid days.



¶ *Dagmar Desmond is Elinor Glyn's latest recruit from the haute monde, and has a part in "Man and Maid."*

The constant cry of producers of "Give us new faces!" must account for the big sales of cosmetics in Camaradia. And then there's plastic surgery. But there's so much GRAFT in that.

* * *

Dorothy Sebastian is another one of the over-night heroines. She hit Hollywood from some little Southern tank-town and walked right into the Lasky lot without even a letter to the publicity department and without asking her way. Her gate-crashing got her a part and now she has a five-year contract.

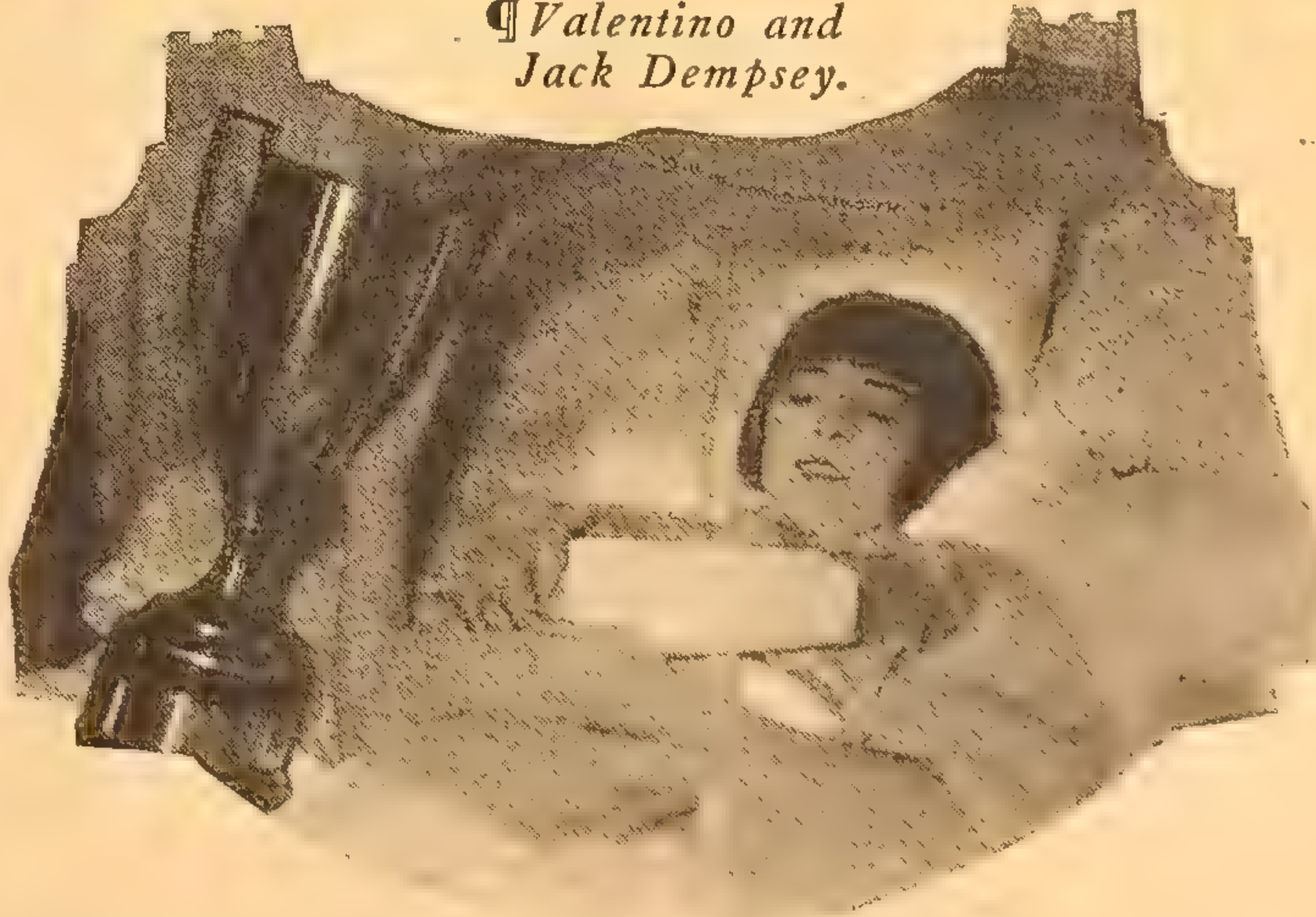
* * *

Sally Rand is also up in the front rank furnishing the answer to the question "Why Girls Leave Home." She used to be Billye Beck, an Orpheum headliner, when she was wedded to vaudeville. She was determined to do nothing else and did so until Dame Fate stepped in. Billy, now Sally, was playing Sacramento when she was suddenly taken ill, rushed to a hospital and operated on with true medical dispatch. When she was convalescing she realized that she had lost her job along with her appendix, for the act had to leave town without her.

Hence she embarked for Hollywood pot o'gold for so many jousts with fortune. She brought with her a filet mignon appetite and a ham sandwich pocketbook. Sally is quite a sensible young thing and realized



¶ *Valentino and Jack Dempsey.*



¶ *Colleen Moore, a Baby Star of 1922, is seen here with the \$1,000. cup voted to the "Baby" who made the greatest advance in artistry and popularity. Miss Moore is confined to her bed on account of injuries received on location and on her vertebra while making "The Desert Flower."*



¶ *Norman Kerry and the ballet girls in "The Phantom of the Opera."*

that she is quite good to look upon; so she hobbled over to Mack Sennett's studio and asked for a job.

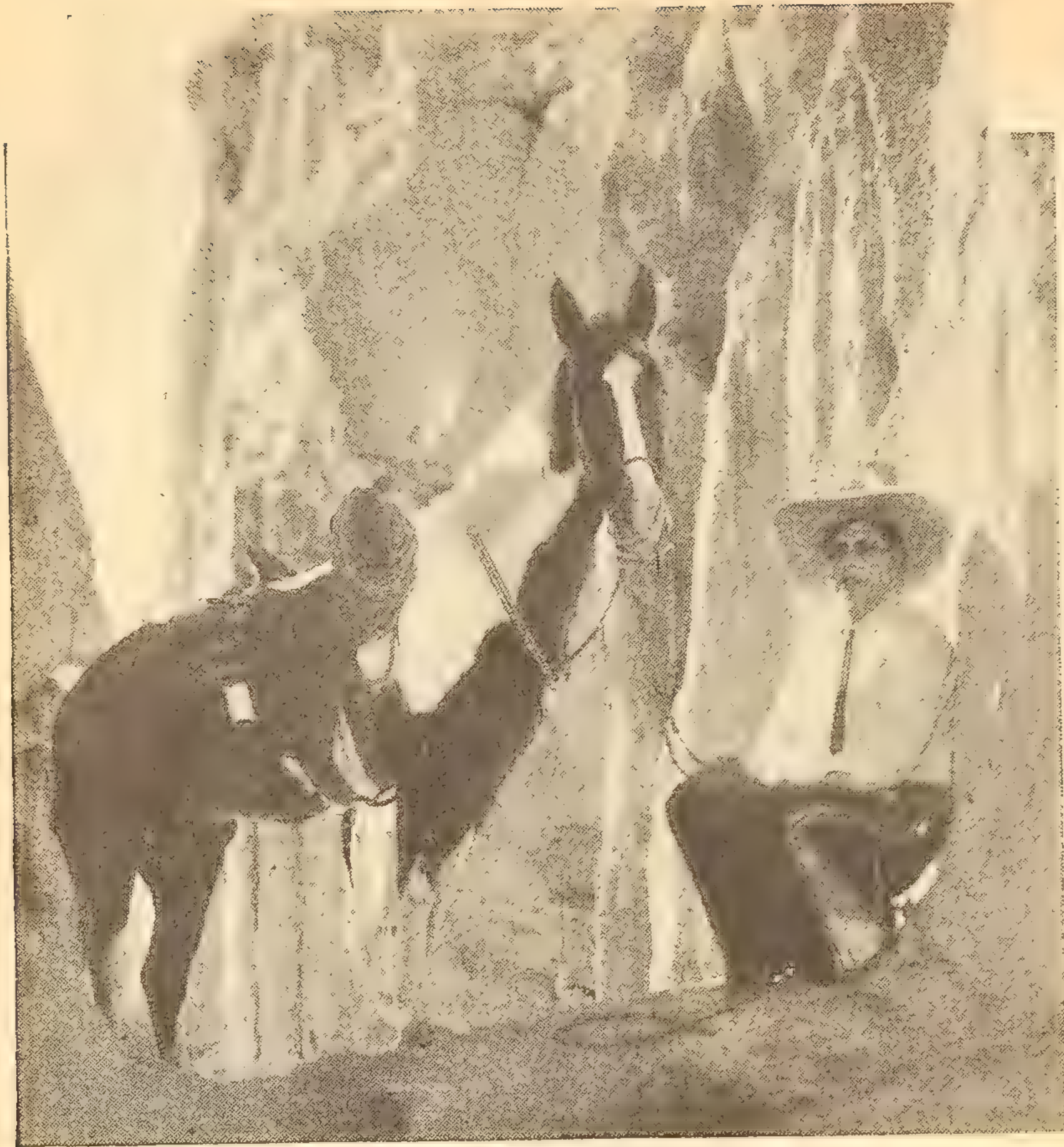
She was given one for seven-fifty a day. She had been getting \$150 a week in vaudeville, but still \$7.50 was \$7.50 and more ham sandwiches.

"If you'll do a sixteen-foot dive into the tank I'll give you fifteen," the casting director proposed.

Sally made the dive and the fifteen dollars.

Sally, then Billye, worked for Sennett. Christie and Roach before Harry Carroll opened his show, "Pickings," at a Los Angeles theater. The lure of the stage was strong so she took a job dancing in it.

Cecil B. De Mille, one of the mighty on the Mount Olympus of the Movies, saw her there and summoned her to the studio for a screen test. He thought she



¶ Jack Hoxie takes it easy, but when it comes to working that is a horse of two other colors.

would do for the leading feminine role in "The Golden Bed," but she photographed too young and lacked sophistication. He did give her a smaller part in the production, however, and this won her a long-term contract.

Cecil is a great bird for nice labels on his leading women, and Billye Beck did not come liltingly enough from his tongue. But Sally Rand did. And that's that.

"I'm wedded to me art," she said, "To which I owe my wealth and fame." The interviewer did not know That Arthur was her husband's name.

They're playing "Hail! The Conquering Hero Comes!" in Spanish over in Campamento. Antonio Moreno is home with his lovely American senora. It would be interesting to record his emotions.

His trip back home should be as colorful as a Castilian shawl. The son who leaves home to seek his fortune and returns famous and wealthy is interesting whether Horatio Alger or Maurice Maeterlinck writes about him. We all like to read about such heroes, but Tony is living it.

Picture little Tony many years ago. A gay red cap on his dark curls. Striped stockings on his sturdy legs. A bread basket swinging on his arm. That is Tony, the baker's boy, making his nightly deliveries of "pan" in Campamento, Spain. Music and laughter streams out from a hotel where wealthy Americanos are wont to stop. The band halts Tony's progress. The lively notes intrigue him.

Two Americans notice the picturesque little chap. They offer him candy. He puts it in his pocket.

They ask him why he doesn't eat it. He tells them it is for his mother.

That thoughtfulness for his mother changed the entire current of the life of Antonia Garrido Monteagudo Moreno. One of the Americans was Benjamin Curtis, nephew of Seth Low, New York politician, and the other was a Cuban, (this is supposed to be funny), Enriche de C. Zanetti, sugar planter. They took Tony home and met the mother who was more than life itself to the little tyke.

As a result Tony toured Spain with them. Later he came to them in America where they sent him to school. The rest of the tale has oft been told.

The picture, "Find Your Man," makes some of the Hollywood stars feel self-conscious. It's taken some of them a long time to accomplish this by what our omniprescient friends, the psychologists, call the "trial and error" method.

Irene Rich has joined the long caravan of cinema great names bound for Europe. But instead of taking the trip as a junket she is taking her youngsters,

Frances and Jane, along so that they may benefit by Continental contacts. Irene is a splendid actress but there is some-

thing Irene can do better than act. She's a better mother. In making her plans she always thinks first of her children. She is going to let them choose their own careers.

And speaking of bigger and better mothers, what about Leatrice Joy? A few months ago Leatrice declared she



¶ Mr. and Mrs. Antonio Moreno in the garden of their home.

¶ Anne Cornwall, one of the 1925 Baby Stars. Did you see "The Roughneck"?



was going to let the rest of the world go by for her baby. She's back at the studio again and finds that her work does not spell neglect of her maternal responsibilities. A glance at the baby proves that she does not lack for mother-love.

¶ *Mary Brian—our little "Wendy" trying to look grown up.*

Six years ago Lilyan Tashman, a Follies girl, met Edmund Lowe, Broadway actor. Their trails parted. He came to Hollywood while she remained on Broadway-on-the-Gilt. A few years later she came out here to play one picture part. She is still here. Edmund and Lilyan are now engaged and report has it that they will marry this summer.

It is a shame Lilyan's voice will not register on the screen. It is a deep contralto which has the cello tones the romancers write about.

Ian Torrence, son of Ernest, is learning pictures from the ground up. He attends school nine months out of the year but last vacation got himself a job as property boy at one of the studios without any help from his celebrated Pa. He got the job first and told father about it second.



¶ *Anita Stewart watches the villain, Arthur Edmund Carewe. What happens when a director has imagination and a cute star?*

¶ *Edmund Lowe and Lilyan Tashman decided they couldn't be friends all their lives—so they're getting married.*



Elinor Glyn is set on making society folk appear in her pictures. Dagmar Desmond is her latest recruit from the *haute monde*, whatever that is. She

is said to be the wife of a prominent Fresno, Calif., banker. Mrs. Glyn met her at a reception given by a member of the exclusive set. It doesn't seem very difficult to induce amateurs to attempt movie roles. Miss Desmond is playing in "Man and Maid." No, Gretchen, she isn't playing either of the title roles. She's a war widow.

Apropos of Elinor one cannot but help recall her meeting with Charlie Chaplin. They met at the home of Sam Goldwyn at a smart function.

Elinor looked at Charlie. Charlie looked at Elinor. She frowned.

"You're not as funny as I thought you'd be," said she.

"Well," said Charlie, "For that matter, neither are you."

Mrs. Charlie Chaplin wants her husband to establish a big trust fund for their baby which is to be born in a few months. But Charlie is reported as declaring that step as a bit premature. Anyway, she's purchased a \$1200 layette.

Pola Negri has purchased Priscilla Dean's Beverly Hills home and is spending all her spare time in landscape gardening. She spent \$15,000 for Oregon pine-trees so she could hear them sighing in the night as they do and did in Poland. One should be able to get a lot of Poland sighs for fifteen thousand.

¶ *Sally Rand, formerly Billye Beck of the comedies, got a part in "The Dressmaker from Paris." This is reaping where she doesn't "sow."*



"A word of praise, a tender glance—
Will make an actor sing and dance."

They Say

By MARION of HOLLYWOOD

¶ Norma Shearer and her new shawl. Her next picture will be "The End of the World."



They Say—

THE slump is over and the Honorable Mr. Stork of Hollywood is on the job again. He started by bringing young Mr. Forrest Burton, late of the Never-Never-Land, to the home of Clarence Burton, well-known screen villyun. Clarence is thrilled—no, not exactly thrilled. All I've got to say is that unless you have a couple of hours to spare, don't let him button-hole you! The other day he tried to tell me the kid was lost; they searched all morning for him and at last caught him up the street playing ball with the Hal Roach "Our Gang" bunch!

Then there's Mr. and Mrs. Charles Chaplin and Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Rawlinson to be taken care of. Both families are satisfied to wait quite a while yet, but Herb has definitely demanded a boy! Have a heart, Herb! In all this bunch of film babies, there's a terrible scarcity of girls—twenty years hence they'll be having duels out here to decide who'll take little Miss Joy and Miss Gloria Lloyd to the "Montmartre."

They say—

Out Hollywood way the domestic troubles of William S. and Winifred Westover Hart are being aired in the public courts to the

advantage of the daily newspaper head-line artists, and with the little tow-headed Bill, Jr.,—a chip right off the old block—getting his first taste of courtroom life via the divorce tangle route. I don't know anything about Mrs. Hart's part of the story—there always are two sides to every story—but I do know Bill Hart, and there isn't one of us out here in Hollywood who wouldn't be telling you that if you have Bill for a friend you can be doing without a whole lot of other things. And when a fellow comes along who is as full of real deep-hearted romance and



¶ Shirley Mason testing her bathing suit under the shower to make sure it won't shrink. "This has gone gone far enough," says Shirley.

¶ Betty Blythe and Victor MacLaglen. Two successful physiques—one has a "kick" and the other a wallop.

honor as Bill is, it's a shame to see the whole castle come tumbling down.

Tell me, what is success? Little Ann Cornwall (about 100 pounds of her) has motion picture success firmly clasped in her two small hands, with scarcely a chance of it slipping between her fingers. Of all the 1925 Wampas Baby Stars, of which she has been chosen one, she undoubtedly is the nearest to stardom. The last year and a half has brought her parts which many stars could covet.

But Ann Cornwall's real success is not in the movies. You all know Charles Maigne, the director. He's her husband. And that's where Ann's real success comes in! For two and a half years I've watched them come and go, always together. They're called the "happiest couple in Hollywood."

Yes, Ann is a big success—the biggest success any woman can be—for she's a successful wife, —a successful home-maker.

After months of worry and waiting, I discover that Gareth Hughes has not forsaken us for the well-known European Continent. His sojourn abroad is over, and soon he'll appear in vaudeville in a little skit written by none other than Joe Jackson, aide-de-camp to Monsieur the Sheik, Rudolph Valentino.

While everybody's "wondering what's become of Sally," has anybody stopped to wonder what's become of little Lucille Rickson, of the sweet smile and golden hair? Last year Lucille was one of the Wampas baby stars—with fame and fortune right in her grasp. This year she's a little tired, and she's always "just resting" in her little white bed overlooking the Hollywood town. She mustn't work so hard, that's the trouble, the doctor says, and that little dry cough



¶ Fred Thompson on "Silver King. Stepping out for a big night in a thousand movie halls at once.



¶ Frances Howard and Richard Dix. Do you think they look alike?



¶ Buster Keaton's wife (Natalie Talmadge) and baby. Now you see where Buster gets his eyes from.

simply has to stop. It'll take a year, at least, to put the roses back in her cheeks and take away that tired feeling so that she can regain the twenty pounds which have made her so will-o-the-wisp like and frail. You can't take away her smile, though. She knows everything will be all right soon, and when it is, and she starts her first production after all the long, bad winter, out here in Hollywood we're going to get her a big coach, and a coachman and footman, and, just like a fairy princess, she'll be rolled along back to her studio. And remember, Lucille, there's always *got* to be a silver lining!

They say—

That if a new law that Labor Commissioner Mathewson of California is trying to pass goes through, it will mean that the thousands of so-called "extra" people in Hollywood will profit, as a whole, \$800,000 worth a year. Commissioner Mathewson is trying to put through a law which will decrease agents' commissions that much every year. You folks who know the movies just on your theatre's screen have no idea of the work and aches and pains of an extra. I hope this goes through. It's no fun to wait around a couple of weeks or months for a job, and then have to give a nice, fat

slice of it to an agent. I suppose the moral is "Be an agent—not an extra," and that would be all right, too, if it didn't take 'em both to make the movies move on.

WINNERS *in the* \$500.00 CONTEST

offered
by

HAROLD LLOYD



*The question was:
WHICH OF
THE FILMS
of HAROLD LLOYD
do you like the best and
Why?*

Harold Lloyd knows how to make you laugh, but not a little of his popularity is due to his charming, unassuming manner. He is at once the greatest success and the most modest man on the screen.

THE immense popularity of Harold Lloyd has brought to Screenland in response to its contest a flood of tributes to his genius—letters of praise, of adulation, of homage, and of appreciation.

"Grandma's Boy" was voted the favorite comedy. "Girl Shy" came next, and "Safety Last" third. "Hot Water," "Dr. Jack," and "Why Worry" tied for fourth place, and "A Sailor-Made Man" was fifth.

Why do they like Harold Lloyd comedies?

These reactions from the real movie-goers, the fans actually intimate with the films, show an apprecia-

tion of the fine art Lloyd displays in his acting, of the subtle touches to his characterizations, of the psychological truths his plots illustrate, of his power to make the whole world kin; they show the humanness of the movie audience, and they show that to this great public Harold Lloyd stands as an ideal—both as a comedian and as an American boy.

First, all Harold Lloyd films preach the doctrine of self confidence, the theory that "fear can be conquered." He illustrates success won over all kinds of obstacles, and he gives his audience what they need: backbone and gameness. He inspires them, gives them the incentive to "bigger and finer things."

Second, if it is a Harold Lloyd story it is clean. His characters are lovable and human. "He makes every one of us mothers want to 'mother' and protect and love him," writes Mrs. Noble Peake, Jr., of Memphis. "I love 'Girl Shy.' I would like to see it again and yet again. Like a well-worn beloved book, there is always something new to find in it

¶ *There is a lesson to fans and all others in Harold Lloyd's infectious smile—a lesson in salesmanship. With his good humored smile, he sells you comedy.*



First Prize of \$100.00

Awarded to

Bertha Killian,
706 West 21st Street,
Oklahoma City,
Oklahoma.

Two Second Prizes of \$50.00

Each Awarded to

Mrs. Noble Peake, Jr.,
1072 Greenlaw,
Memphis, Tennessee.

M. Seklemian,
Box 22, Station C,
Los Angeles, California.

Four Third Prizes of \$25.00

Each Awarded to

Mrs. Theodore W. Budlong,
306 Washington Blvd.,
Oak Park, Illinois.
L. C. Farris,
188 Spruce Street,
Morgantown, West Virginia.

Jerome B. Gray,
West Chester, Pennsylvania.

G. N. Wilkinson,
1891 Gaviota Street,
Long Beach, California.

Ten Fourth Prizes of \$10.00

Each Awarded to

Mrs. Josiah Quincy Baker,
566 Wetherfield Avenue
Hartford, Connecticut.

Anna Brand,
4013 Clifton Street,
El Paso, Texas.

Lawrence B. Fishbeck,
155 Park Street,
Gouverneur, New York.

Lauren S. Hamilton,
Box 328, Olean, New York.

Jack Jessup,
Box 211, Newberg, Oregon.

Joseph E. Paul,
2328 South Hope Street,
Los Angeles, California.

Joseph M. Rhodes,
309 East 8th Avenue,
Homestead, Pennsylvania.

W. E. Tripp,
317 Eighth Avenue East,
Vancouver, British Columbia.

Wm. Rooney Ryan,
19 Dora Avenue,
Jamaica, New York.

R. A. Utley,
755 Maplewood Avenue,
Montreal, Canada.

Twenty Fifth Prizes of \$5.00

Each Awarded to

Merton L. Backus,
R.F.D. No. 7,
Madison, Wisconsin.

Edith Blankenship,
3616 Windsor Avenue,
Kansas City, Missouri.

Rachael Davison,
125 West North Street,
Buffalo, New York.

Emilie Gerich,
2543½ Main Street,
Buffalo, New York.

H. L. Gombar,
207 East Main Street,
Leesburg, Florida.

Olive Hatch,
319¼ East 24th Street,
Los Angeles, California.

Katharine Holt,
T C I & RR Co.,
Birmingham, Alabama.

Albert S. Howard,
63 Washington Street,
Providence, Rhode Island.

Archie J. Inger,
1110 Oak Street,
Alameda, California.

P. V. Keyes,
Needham,
Massachusetts.

Gustav Klemm,
706 Newington Avenue,
Baltimore, Maryland.

Mrs. Nellie Mayer,
91 San Jacinto Street,
Austin, Texas.

Olive M. Nice,
State Hospital,
Massillon, Ohio.

John J. Polasko,
60 Taylor Street,
Stamford, Connecticut.

Eunice Radford,
315 68th Street,
Brooklyn, New York.

Roger Searle,
P. O. Box 403,
Napa, California.

Mara Serriov,
General Delivery,
Sarasota, Florida.

D. E. Smith,
2317 Berkeley Avenue,
Los Angeles, California.

Mrs. H. S. Smith,
1432 Milner Crescent,
Birmingham, Alabama.

Edna Phyllis Tooill,
264 West 70th Street,
New York City.



¶ *"Now or Never" is coming out again, and Harold is at work on a new untitled picture concerning the vicissitudes of a college training.*

¶ *Even this photograph of a scene in Harold's forthcoming college picture is enough to make you smile, and the finished film has 50,000 pictures.*

and love. A Harold Lloyd comedy is like the clean rain-swept air after the stale musty scent of sex in the eternal triangle. We need him."

Third, his stories are human, "closest to the heart of the great, common herd."

It isn't the slapstick comedy alone that the public enjoys from Harold Lloyd. They like the way he pulls the heart strings, the way he portrays their own inner selves to them, the wonderful intimacy which he establishes.



Dramaland—continued from page 62

mised her the farm if she will bear him a son. Now Abbie thinks that this can be arranged, and Ebben is the man she chooses for the purpose.

Reel Five—Ebben falls madly in love with Abbie and she with him. A son is born and Ephraim is overjoyed, thinking it his. Ebben, by a chance, learns of Abbie's original intentions and refuses to credit her present love. He curses her and tells her that he will leave that farm in the morning and leave his mother's ghost behind to haunt her. Abbie swears undying love and, thinking it will prove her love of Ebben, she strangles the baby in its sleep.

Reel Six—Ebben at first is frantic when he learns from Abbie that she has killed the child of his whom he loved. In a fury he runs to the village and reports the murder to the sheriff. Then, remorseful, he returns to surrender himself as an accomplice. The sheriffs arrive and lead off Ebben and Abbie, who swear to love one another unto death. (Which seems not far distant.) Ephraim pursues them with fatherly curses. *Exeunt Omnes.*

Ian Torrence, Ernest's son, with his Aberdeen terrier in front of their Hollywood home.

*Some New Films—continued from page 47*

tried to come back. Gasnier directed this film and he has outdone his every other effort. This, by the way, is what you'd call safe entertainment for the whole family.

* * *

Similar in many respects to "The Parasite" was the Producers' Distributing Corporation's production, "Another Man's Wife." Our first reaction to this film, which is a not uncommon tale of a misunderstood frau and her bull headed husband, was that here was a most remarkable cast of big-timers gone wrong. Into the five reels of feverish drama which is usually to be found in these cellu-

loid tales of domestic entanglements, there has been crowded no less formidable an assemblage of favorites than James Kirkwood, Lila Lee, Wallace Beery, Matt Moore and Chester Conklin. They might have been saved, as Merton would say, for bigger and better things. Even so splendid an actor as Kirkwood is subjected to what must surely have been to him the embarrassment of being rescued in the final reel from a raft—by a U. S. Submarine. And it's strange, too, what roles such fellows as Wally Beery and Matt Moore will jump into so that they may average better than fifty salaried weeks a year.

Much of the earlier action in "Another Man's Wife" might have been eliminated without seriously affecting the dramatic worth of the story. In fact, with the fight on the raft and the submarine rescue and everything, this film would have made a right smart two-reel meller drammer. Still, we suppose, Director Bruce Mitchell was under orders to get his full money's worth out of such a grand array of talent as he had to work with.

We wouldn't recommend seeing this one unless, say, there was nothing else in town except Fox's "Folly of Vanity." And then, perhaps you'd have a right to a toss-up.

They Say—continued from page 68

With Charlie Chaplin, Mary and Doug it's a case of all in the family. Charlie married his leading lady, Lita Grey. "Help, help, help," he cried, "I've gotta have a new leading lady. Whad'm I going to do?" "Never mind," says Doug, "A friend in need is a friend indeed."

Take my leading lady." And that's why Georgia Hale will be Charlie's leading lady instead of Doug's and instead of Georgia, in "Don Q," Mary Astor will be Doug's leading lady.

With Gloria Swanson starting the ball a-rolling, the what looked like

low matrimonial figures for the month have taken a sudden rise. might, at the same time, while I'm announcing engagements call to your attention the engagement of Gertrude Short to Percy Pembroke also, of Alberta Vaughan and George O'Hara plighting their troth

Before They Were Famous—continued from page 34

raised the window, made a heap of snow balls and then threw them at all the passersby and knocked the men's hats off. At that time we considered it great sport and had a jolly time. Very jolly Estelle was, full of fun, always the life of the party. And generous to a fault. Had she ten cents it was yours for the asking.

We studied dancing together. Which reminds me of the time Professor Clymer gave a song and dance carnival at the old Delaware Avenue Theatre. Estelle and my younger sister were to dance in an act together, and I was to lead a chorus of little tots in a song. We practiced every day for a long while. So much excitement. It was wonderful! Estelle was in her glory, and the most excited of us all. The big night arrived. We were all thrilled and expectant. The house was full. When it came

time for Estelle and my sister to go on, my sister got stage fright. No one could induce her to go on. Did Estelle back out too? She did not! Nothing daunted, on went Estelle alone and turned out the hit of the evening. There were people in that theatre that night who predicted greatness for her.

Another memory which amuses me very much—I was at one time singing at the moving picture place called "The Red Moon," and Estelle was with me all the time she could be. We both admired Mary Pickford, envied her a lot and spent much of our time talking about her. And Estelle now acts in the same pictures with Mary! At one time for quite a while Marc McDermott acted on the legitimate stage in Wilmington. Everybody thought him wonderful, Estelle especially. And in one of her very earliest pictures she played opposite McDermott!

Babies Bring Beauty—continued from page 37

parent. Ergo art and motherhood must mix. Besides, no less an authority than Theodore Roosevelt, also a great actor, benevolently said that the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world. Well, he might have meant the stage world. Or the screen.

Apparently the actresses of the cinema overheard Ethel too. Some of our leading ladies are also leading children around by the hand at home. The perambulator as an aid to art has found a place. More than one celluloid charmer has taken a vacation from the screen to appear in the real-life rôle of mother, and almost invariably returned to greater popularity than before. There must be something to it; even if it is frowned upon in the pictures themselves.

Some of the very actresses whose tender scenes showing them knitting little socks or tucking away tiny garments have been sheared by the ruthless censors have enacted just such scenes outside the studio. Titles such as "And so came to her the crowning glory of womanhood" have often come true.

It is an interesting thing that our best-known mothers have been, in their celluloid incarnations, great sirens. Gloria Swanson was one of the first established stars temporarily to renounce her career to become a mother. She was at the height of her first popularity when she left the screen. Gloria the Second came into the world and when she was

a little older, she led her mother straight back to the screen. And Gloria the First speedily set about proving the truth of Miss Barrymore's assertion. She, who had once been a mere clothes-horse, became an actress. Her ambitions broadened. She stepped out, shyly at first, then with ever-increasing confidence, in new and difficult rôles. Why, she even let herself be close-upped showing real emotions. She was acclaimed a great actress. So she was—for Gloria Swanson. It may be because her own baby, Gloria, had brought her such unsuspected powers that she decided to adopt another child. At any rate, since the increase in her family, she has gone right on being a better and better actress. And since her marriage to the Marquise de la—you finish it—she is reported to have won the heart of all France by saying that she hopes to have six more children. Is there no limit to this woman's artistic ambitions?

Vicarious motherhood has been the lot of Barbara La Marr. But those who know her best say there is no more devoted mama in the world than is Barbara to her little adopted son. She may be a cruel and ruthless woman in celluloid, but she's kindness itself to Sonny. To watch her gyrations on the screen in *Sandra* you might never suspect her of harboring the far-famed mother-heart in her heaving pearl-laden bosom. But whether Barbara blames her prosperous career on her adopted motherhood or not, there's no getting around it that her career has been prosperous.

Zasu Pitts was always believed to

be a potentially great actress. But, somehow or other, Zasu never quite made the grade. She played bits here, and bits there, and once in a while when she had a real chance she ran away with the picture. But it is not until after she became Mrs. Tom Gallery, and then the mother of little Miss Gallery, that things began to come her way. It may be one of fate's freaks, or a lucky accident; but the fact remains that the mother of Zasu II. sprang into fame where plain Zasu Pitts had struggled unavailingly. Comedy was considered her forte. But her talents had grown to the proportions of actual emotional ability; and it is in the tragic rôle of Trina McTeague in von Stroheim's *Greed* that the world knows her. And calls her very nearly great.

What has motherhood done for Mae Marsh? It's hard to say. Personally, I believe that she automatically lost her spark of genius when she left the D. W. Griffith fold some years ago to reap the rich harvest of her apprenticeship there—during which she won screen immortality as the little sister in *The Birth of a Nation* and the tragic child-wife in *Intolerance*. It was not until her lucrative stellar career with Goldwyn was drawing to a close that Mrs. Louis Lee Arms presented her husband with little Mary. And so Mae's subsequent obscurity cannot be blamed on that chubby little creature. It can be blamed on changing conditions in the screen world; on that shy, elusive charm of

(Continued on page 76)

AILEEN PRINGLE

the

Springle

By Nan Fessenden

"Aileen the Fair, Aileen the Lovable,—"

BUT not the "Lily Maid of Astolat." Oh, no. Rather the tiger maid of the Movie-lot. With all due apologies to Tennyson, we like our *Aileen* much better than his *Elaine*. Outside of the similarity in their names, these heroines of screen and fiction are as far apart as the poles.

No frail, timid maiden watching from a tower is Aileen Pringle. She stands for all that is best, most vital, in the modern girl. Possessed of exotically lovely features and a beautifully molded, well knit little body, she is the sort you invariably turn around to look at twice. Add to this rare physical comeliness a brain, a fine sense of humor and considerable talent,—and is it any wonder that Aileen finds herself approaching the front rank of screen luminaries?

The smart coats featured by Miss Pringle are both advance models, whose proud début will doubtless be noted along the avenue at Easter-time.

With these, and the exquisitely pretty little frock of net, what more could any woman ask as a foundation for her Spring wardrobe?



¶ For Milady of ultra-conservative tastes, the *Kasha* mannish coat, worn so charmingly by Miss Pringle, is just the thing. Rust-colored, with a green *crêpe de chine* lining, it is enhanced by an all-around embroidered border, with the tiniest edging of antelope. The bag is of *Rodier Kasha*.

SHOWS

Fashions

Costumes worn by Miss Pringle are from Bonwit Teller and Company



¶ In quite a different mood, a homey, indoor mood, is this dinner gown of embroidered orchid net, over a separate slip of crêpe de chine. Doubled crêpe de chine, with sealing-wax tips, makes a novel trimming. The sash for this model may also be used as a scarf.

¶ Milady is to be forgiven much, if, during the Easter sermon, her eyes stray from the preacher only to dwell admiringly on such a coat as the one shown above. The coat itself is of Rodier Kasha, in the ever-smart black, while the lining and unique jabot effect are fashioned from yellow and black printed crêpe de chine. This is copied from a Jenny model.





¶ *Laura La Plante and Eugene O'Brien on the way to Honolulu, in their latest co-starring vehicle, "Dangerous Innocence."*

(Continued from page 73)

far more buxom stars. Maybe, if Mae Marsh were to find the right director again, and the right story, she would prove that Mary Arms had been a blessing in more ways than she has been already.

It's too early to conjecture about Lila Lee. Certainly, her recent retirement as Mrs. James Kirkwood, and as the mother of Jimmy Junior, has added a deeper beauty to Lila's lovely eyes, and it has also—stage whisper—given her a more slender grace than she possessed as the plump Lila of yesteryear. She can hardly prove herself a more accomplished actress as long as she is confined to leading rôles opposite Tommy Meighan, because Tommy's leading ladies rarely have a chance to do what you might call acting. And I've heard that James Kirkwood prefers to have his wife appear only in the Meighan pictures. But of course even husbands may change their minds.

Leatrice Joy said not long ago that she was leaving the screen to devote her life to her little daughter. Now Leatrice is back on the lot making *The Dressmaker from Paris*. Was her avowed renunciation of stardom a publicity stunt? Or did it come from her mother-heart? Nobody seems to know and nobody seems to care, now that Miss Joy is back in the business. It would have been a shame to lose Leatrice, even for a round-faced, gurgling miniature. It seems to me that Leatrice is essen-

tially an actress and wouldn't be happy very long away from the mummer's life. Imagine her immured in New Orleans—though that is a lovely city, dear New Orleans readers!—crooning over the carriage and worrying over little Letty's diet, to the exclusion of all other thoughts! I can't; maybe you can. It's entirely possible that she can combine art and motherhood, you know. It's being done.

Mary Hay Barthelmess is one of the best arguments for movie motherhood. She is crazy about the second edition of Mary Hay—as fatuously fond as any suburban mother. But she didn't stay at home spoiling her. She went right out and pranced into *Mary Jane McKane*, where her twinkling toes and snapping eyes and funny little voice brought her more fame and fortune than she had hitherto enjoyed. And maybe if Mary hadn't become Mrs. Barthelmess and Mary Junior's mother, her husband wouldn't have chosen her to play the young wife and mother in *New Toys*. And so a very promising screen comedienne would have remained unborn.

Such actress-mothers as Beverly Bayne Bushman and Marguerite Snow have come back to the screen after several years of retirement—and made good all over again. Jackie Saunders' baby never hindered her career. Myrtle Stedman looks younger than her seventeen-year-old son Lincoln.

Florence Vidor? It seems to me

that little Suzanne was born before Florence had seriously taken up screen work. But she has proved more of a help than a nuisance all along—just ask Florence.

As for Alice Joyce—she is just about the champion all-round star-mother-wife of the movies. She interrupted her career in the Kalem days to welcome her first child, Mary Joyce Moore. She came back and won added laurels. Her early marriage went on the rocks, but she found happiness in her second—such happiness that, again, her career suffered a relapse. And Mary had a new little sister. In the past two years Alice Joyce has steadily been fighting her way back to the popularity and prestige she enjoyed in the early years of motion pictures when, as the Kalem Girl, she was voted the screen's loveliest woman. Her beauty, maybe, has been dimmed; but she has an added poise and grace. Besides, no one ever used to accuse her of being a real actress; and now the poor girl is having the word hurled at her right and left.

Yes—I know what you're saying. That's all very well—fine—great. But how about the others—with nothing running around their homes except servants and wolf-hounds and Pekingese? For every Laurette Taylor and Ethel Barrymore for the positive side of the motherhood-art argument, there are a Jane Cowl and an Elsie Ferguson for the negative. There is always Duse to balance Bernhardt.

For Gloria Swanson, there is Lillian Gish. And Mary Pickford has been a mother only to her sister Lottie's little girl. Norma Talmadge is a great actress even though the children upon whom she lavishes her affection belong to Natalie Keaton, and not to her. Wonderful things in the acting line have been accomplished by such youngsters in life and art as Norma Shearer, Lois Wilson, May McAvoy, and Betty Bronson. Mother-love registers just as strongly on the screen when counterfeited by a gifted flapper as by a mature actress with several kiddies waiting for her at home.

But for real authority on the subject of "Does Motherhood Pay?" I advise you to turn to Mary Carr and—oh, yes—Mrs. Jack Coogan. They should know.

Rock-a-bye Baby,
On the tree top.
If you have had one
Your fillum can't flop!

Rafts of Romance—continued from page 29

our raft an old barn door. Today's subtitles echo our chanties when we go down to the sea in theatre seats. I hope Jackie Coogan sings one in "*Little Robinson Crusoe*." Songs of far winds they are.

An Australian magazine once commissioned me to search for local color, stories and romance through the islands of the Torres Straits—South Seas by the fictioneer's chart. Vivid tropical hues absorbed me, figures of laughter and tears were there, but three brown, happy-go-lucky, strip-stark kids, who straddled a log a mile and a half beyond the furthest line of breakers and cheered as a shark went by and a porpoise chased it, came closer than all to the people who read about them afterwards. It was ourselves, and our raft, and our wanderlust.

Ten thousand miles from there, at Texas Guinan's El Fey Club in New York I danced the other evening, midnight, morning with Kathleen Key, who had just returned from

Rome with the "Ben Hur" company. Five years ago I swam with Kath on Waikiki Beach, before that in Samoa and at Coogee, too. She goes a-raftin', Kath does. She described the "Ben Hur" sets superlatively. From a glance at published stills I can see \$2,000,000 production cost is well-spent money; but that darned old castaway couple of mine reserves the super-thrill for Ben Hur signalling distress while Arrius, the Roman commander, lies helpless beside him. They are down to the end of things, and the beginning. What happens next? Tragedy, happiness, heights or depths, ahoy?

The raft must have cost fully eight dollars.

Well, it's great to report a whole flotilla on the star-board bow. But just supposing—

Derelict planks were Doug Fairbank's next magic carpet,

Or Tommy Meighan laughed at an empty sea because prayer and

profanity could not help him,

Or Charlie Chaplin shared his last biscuit with the pursuing shark!

And just supposing Norma Tallmadge acted the entire scene through two reels, not just in flashes, but holding the screen and us by her own power! In mirroring the agony of doldrums, the terror of storms in a world wiped out and waves all gone amok, the crazy hopes when rescue ships steam close only to revolve incredibly and hang upside down in air—mirages!—in that, Norma could reach the limit of her art.

The lure of the Spanish Main—it is born in every movie fan! Now all together:

"Fifteen men on a dead man's chest,

Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

Drink and the devil have done for the rest,

Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!"

And, by the way, what a great fan R. L. S. would have been!

Tom Terriss, Director of Destinies—continued from page 26

and some recreation. He and I have been together, off and on, ever since 1913 when we both met as actors in Fort Lee at the old Solax Studio. He was directing and acting in a picturization of Dicken's "Mystery of Edwin Drood" and engaged me to play the part of Drood. We became good friends and later he made me his associate; and this is my chance right here to tell him (if he ever reads this) that my association with him has been very wonderful. He is a great one to produce his pictures in different parts of the world, and being with him has meant much delightful travel. We have been in different parts of the United States. In 1915 we were in the West Indies and now in Cuba, France and Spain. A couple of years ago he was making pictures in England and Egypt.

Thinking of the travelling we had done I remarked as we sat talking together;

"You certainly seem destined to travel all right. Three more countries we've worked in. Where do we make the next one? At the South Pole?"

The Chief smiled but didn't answer; so I continued,

"And speaking of destinies, you certainly seem to have a lot to do with the destiny of some people. You've started two more on their

way in 'The Bandolero.'"

I was referring to Rita Rossi and Manuel Grenado. She had played the vamp in the picture and Grenado the juvenile lead. Both of them unknown when Mr. Terriss chose them to play the parts. Miss Rossi, absolutely unknown, and Grenado had been doing "extra" work at the Famous Players. Both of them, given their chance, made good as is evidenced by the fact that Rita Rossi is busy working in Dick Barthelmess' latest production and Grenado was given a contract by Metro Goldwyn on the strength of his work as the young bullfighter in "The Bandolero" and is now busy in California under his new name, Paul Ellis.

But giving a helping hand and starting people on the road to fame is nothing new for the Chief. He has been doing it for years with remarkable success. He has a wonderful faculty of seeing talent in an Unknown.

Years ago Richard Rowland, Vice-President and General Manager of First National, remarked that "every mob contains a future star." Tom Terriss took that motto unto himself as an integral part of his qualifications as a director and has proved his faith in it by giving the Unknown a chance on the screen. And his ability in that direction

amounts to positive genius inasmuch as those to whom he has given a chance have fully lived up to his anticipations and have become either stars or principal players. He seems to have a sort of uncanny ability to see in the "extra" on the lot certain hidden qualities which mean screen possibilities. To the majority they are only "extras," a mob hired for the day, and the only impression they make is that of a—mob. But not to Tom Terriss. To him they are a group of individuals, each possessing potentialities, some more developed than others, and he is quick to perceive those with qualities worthy of the chance to develop. And he never fails to give them that chance. He believes that the public will appreciate anything good, and in the matter of their screen entertainment he feels the same to be true—a good performance is well liked whether given by some one with a well known name or not. And the choices he has made have proved it. While they are well known names today, still, when Mr. Terriss gave them their chance, they were absolutely Unknowns.

While in "The Bandolero" he picked two Unknowns for the important parts, in 1920 he picked three Unknowns for important roles in one picture. He was directing at

the Vitagraph at the time and the filming of "The Heart of Maryland" had been assigned to him. The picture was cast except for two men and a girl, and he looked around with the "destiny" light in his eyes for suitable people to whom to entrust the roles. That discerning gaze finally took in two young fellows who were hoping to get along; in them Mr. Terriss saw the qualities he wanted and they were given the parts. They were Ben Lyon and Buster Collier. Then he found the girl whom he felt confident would make good. She was in the Follies and he took her from there and his confidence was not misplaced. Jacqueline Logan. It was the first picture in which any of them had appeared. And where they are today proves that the Chief was not mistaken in the qualities he had seen in each of them.

During the same year Vitagraph filmed "Trumpet Island" and Mr. Terriss wielded the megaphone. He needed a girl for the production, and he chose one who had been doing "extra" work and bits but had never succeeded in getting a good part. However the "destiny" eye and the "helping hand" characteristic prompted him to give this girl her first real part and, as usual, Marguerite de la Motte made good as Mr. Terriss anticipated.

The year before, in 1919, the Chief made two selections from Unknowns. He was filming "Captain Swift" with Earle Williams, and the same need arose—that of a girl for the important part. Into the crowd of "extras" this time went the "destiny" eye and his selection fell upon Alice Calhoun. Ever since then her rise has been steady.

His other choice that year was a man to play in "The Lion and the Mouse" in which Alice Joyce was being starred. The young fellow had never been in pictures, and Mr. Terriss met with opposition when he told whom he had selected. It was a very big part to entrust to an Unknown but contrary to the advice of others the Chief felt that he couldn't be mistaken and that the fellow would be able to do it. So he was engaged and I leave it to you if he made good. Conrad Nagel.

There are two other names that must be added to the credit of this Destiny Director, one a man and one a woman. In 1918 the Chief was directing Alice Joyce in another of her pictures, "The Vengeance of Durand," and again a man was



Esther Ralston and William Otis in
"The Goose Hangs High."

needed. This time the fortunate one was Percy Marmont, absolutely Unknown and his first appearance on the screen.

The girl received the grasp of Terriss' helping hand in 1917 in the filming of "A Woman Between Friends." She had been doing "extra" work and bits hoping for that time when she would have a real part. I'm afraid I'll have to admit in this case that her personality had something to do with the Chief's choice because she certainly has it, but he knew that that personality was one which would "get over" on the screen. So he gave her the part, and recognition of her personality and ability was immediate. Her name in electric lights is a sure drawing card now. Agnes Ayres.

While the Chief was fortunate in being born with decided talent for all things theatrical, being one of the members of the famous Terriss family and son of one of England's most famous actors, and consequently not placed in that position of having to be helped and developed, still he is a very firm believer in helping the other fellow to get his start. New players and stars have to come from somewhere; and where is the most likely spot for them to be found if

not among the crowd of growing enthusiasts who are ambitious to get into the movies and who are willing to work hard to make good? And newly "discovered" stars, having made good, are immediately placed under contract for fear that they may be the only ones of their kind—but not by Mr. Terriss. He has no such thought of scarcity, and there are plenty of others who will offer them contracts. And besides, he is too busy making new "discoveries" and giving them a start.

All this ran through my mind as we sat smoking and talking, and I thought it might be interesting if I told it to you folks. Hope so.

Just before leaving him to go home and start that well earned rest he had advised, I said to Mr. Terriss, "Well, Chief, who do you think you'll pick this time with that 'destiny' eye of yours?"

But he just smiled and said, "I don't know—yet, Rod." From the way he said it I guess he must have been thinking of one, or maybe two Unknowns. He will most likely pick some one because while he will continue to be a first class director, I know he won't relinquish the title I've given him of "First Class Director of Screen Destinies"—especially of mine, I hope.

She Came Back to Town On a Magazine Cover!



Departing an 'Ugly Duckling'

"EVEN MY dear old Dad used to say my looks would never take a prize. My brothers frankly called me homely. No girl in Kingston had wished harder for beauty—or had tried any harder to win it. But that was back in Kingston, N. Y., when my features, face, and skin, and even my hair looked hopeless. Today, illustrators who are supposed to be authorities on beauty tell me—well, they ask me for sittings and pay well for them.

"For the encouragement it ought to be to others I will relate the whole story of how plain Me—an 'Ugly duckling'—became a model for magazine covers.

"When I first came to New York City to take a position I was too busy to give much time or thought to 'beautifying.' Besides all my efforts in the past had gained me nothing. Complexion treatments?

I had tried a score; and my pores had grown steadily coarser. I used to do everything anyone would advise for wrinkles—and the wrinkles stayed. I knew loads of people who had had success with things for the hair—but none seemed to give my sparse locks any health or sparkle.

"But I soon saw that beauty counted in a large publishing office quite as much as at parties or dances. Within a year my employers filled three secretarial positions with women I knew were scarcely as well equipped as I—except in looks! Then I concluded I would make myself attractive in appearance if it took every dollar I earned. My first thought was beauty parlors, but a fortunate circumstance put a vastly better beauty plan in my own hands. I met a girl who told me of a woman who had devoted years to working out a regular beauty science. She worked on skin structure instead of on the surface; she did nothing to wrinkles themselves but changed the facial contours and the

Gertrude Follis Left Home an Ugly Duckling. Now New York Artists Pay to Paint Her Likeness and Her New Beauty Was Won in Three Months

wrinkled condition disappeared. Her method with hair was to revitalize it—and so on.

"I was elated with even with the first week of my newly found beauty plan.

Artists Acknowledge Her Beauty of Face



Photo of Miss Follis Taken 6 Months Ago

I never have seen its originator to this day. She does not see anyone—just advises and directs hundreds who seek her direct methods of cultivating natural beauty. I wrote her, got her instructions, did as directed, and in a few weeks the altered glances of friends and associates confirmed what my mirror told me. I no longer needed to feel sensitive about my appearance! Then came the day Greiner, the artist, asked how I would like to sit for a "head" on a magazine cover!

"I could scarcely wait for the Saturday when the picture of me would be published. When the magazine did appear, can you blame me for mailing several copies to my home town, and marking the covers 'This is me.' I knew they would doubt that the portrait was mine—or else accuse

the artist of using a vivid imagination. So I made my old home a visit. Wouldn't you have done the same? And I gloated some, too, as folks were forced to admit that the face on the cover was Gertrude Follis. My 'new' face has since been used for many illustrations. But I'll never feel prouder or be more thrilled than that day at the station when my father hesitated as I emerged from the train—then came forward and stammered, 'As I live, it's true!'"

The methods with which Miss Follis obtained such remarkable results in cultivating personal attractiveness are available to anybody, anywhere. A Chicago woman has learned how to bring any type of skin to normal color and fineness, how to rejuvenate sagging tissues, and enhance one's looks in many ways. She tells how to do it, and what to use. Her name is LUCILLE YOUNG, and her offices are in Chicago. The way to become acquainted with her astonishingly successful beauty methods is to write for her remarkable book



Miss Follis as She Appears Now

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Returns a Pretty Girl

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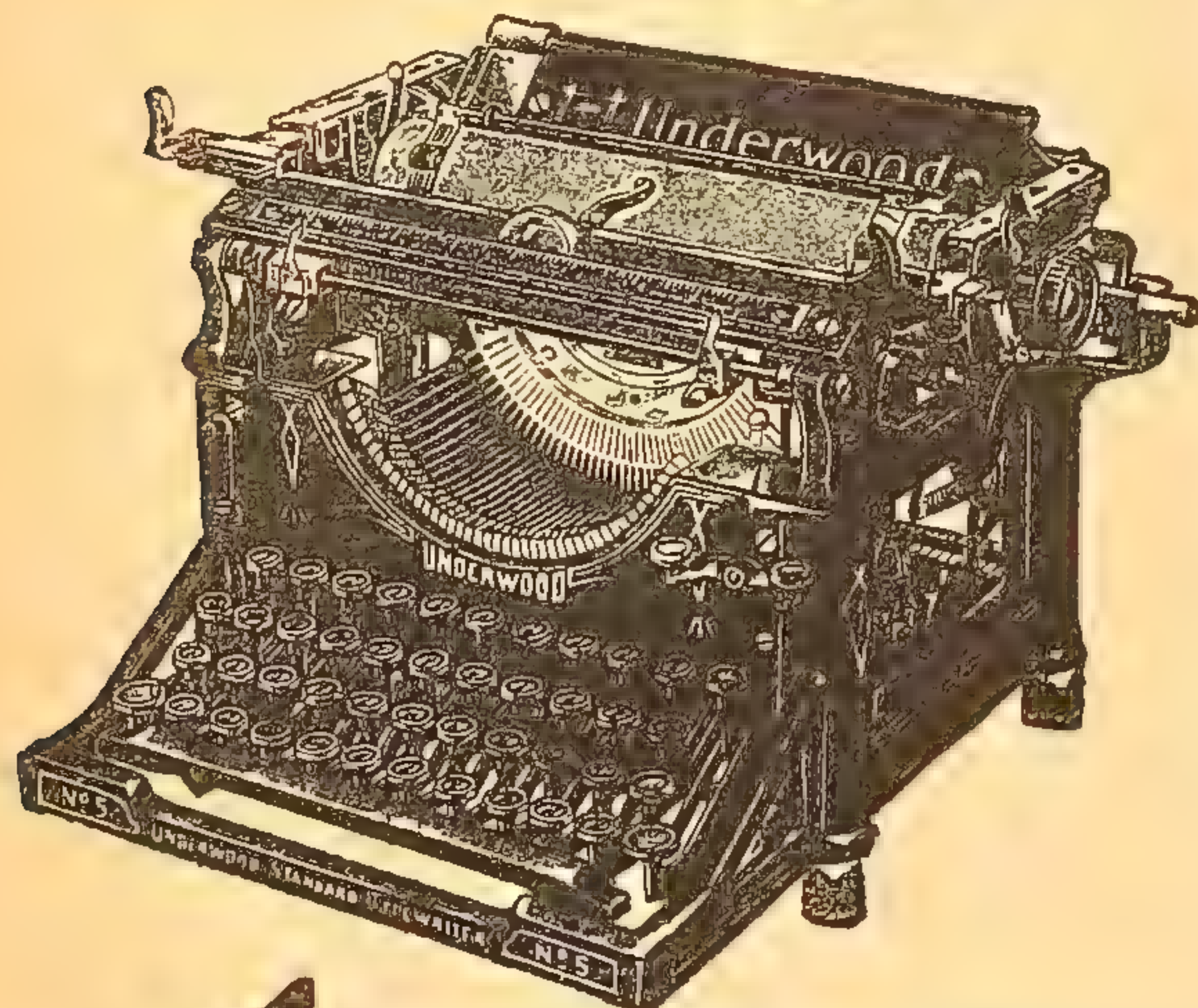
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The Friendly Stars of Hollywood—continued from page 25

fidant that they will find children vending hypodermic needles and "hop" on the Boulevard. They believe that their entry into a Hollywood cafe will be heralded with an avalanche of serpentines, a volley of popping corks and a display of intimate feminine apparel.

They believe that "joy-riders" pass a given point in Hollywood on a schedule of every other five minutes and that personal assaults, arson, mayhem and murder enliven what would otherwise be quiet California nights. A mere kidnapping, they have been led to believe, would pass unnoticed, not even causing a corner cop to stifle a yawn in order to toot his shrill police whistle.

I know that Hollywood is as sound as a nut at the core. The film capital is like any other American city in some respects and quite unlike the others along certain lines, say in the matter of the helping hand and a sympathetic smile.

There is not a city in the country which does not boast, yes, boast of its fast and smart set. Hollywood also has its smart set, but investigation reveals that it is composed of the fringe of the charmed cinematic circle, hangers-on who have come to Hollywood to exploit the gullible.

There are a lot of plucky and pretty young things here attempting to force the cinema gods to recognize the ability they feel they possess. And some of these girls are weak, pitifully weak. Their funds run low. Their pride will not allow them to return home without the laurels of success.

Then the jackals sneak in. Tragedy follows and the newspapers carry another story of "Movie Actress Murdered in Hollywood Love Nest."

Genuine inhabitants of the land of Cameradia play hard and work hard. Their salaries are goodly and they spend them freely. Practically all of the successful ones knew lean days at the beginning. Creature comforts of the present can never efface the hardships of the past in any walk of life. They just allow one to appreciate them the more.

But the charming thing about the prominent cinema characters, practically without exception, is their willingness to help the other fellow, the ambitious youngster or some deserving "down-and-outer" along.

I have seen a sterling example of this charity and I know that the majority of the movie great will give their shirts and throw in extra

buttons if they believe they can genuinely help and not for publicity purposes either.

Last Spring an ambitious collection of young medical students working their way through college decided to band together for the good of the whole; so that the expenses incident to education might be more easily borne.

They leased a house near their college and began to accumulate the necessary articles of furniture. I happened to interview Herbert Rawlinson, the Universal star at that time, for a newspaper upon which I was working. I told him of the project, just casually and without any intention of gaining his co-operation.

Herb was sitting before the mirror in his dressing-room at the "U" retouching the "cop" face he was then using.

He dropped his stick of greasepaint and whirled in his chair to face me.

"Gee! That's great!" quoth Herb. "I remember when I was battling to get an education. Ambitious boys like that deserve to be helped."

Herb hesitated. The light of an instantly formed plan shone in his eye.

"I know what I shall do," Herb declared. "I shall furnish a room in that house and I'll get a number of my friends to do likewise. Gimme a pencil."

Straightway Herb did some figuring. Next he evolved a list of names. Then he dug out his check-book and wrote out his check for a sum I knew he could well ill afford at that time.

He handed over the check with the list of names he had compiled.

"Take this check and go to see these people," he said. "I'm sure they'll want to get in on this."

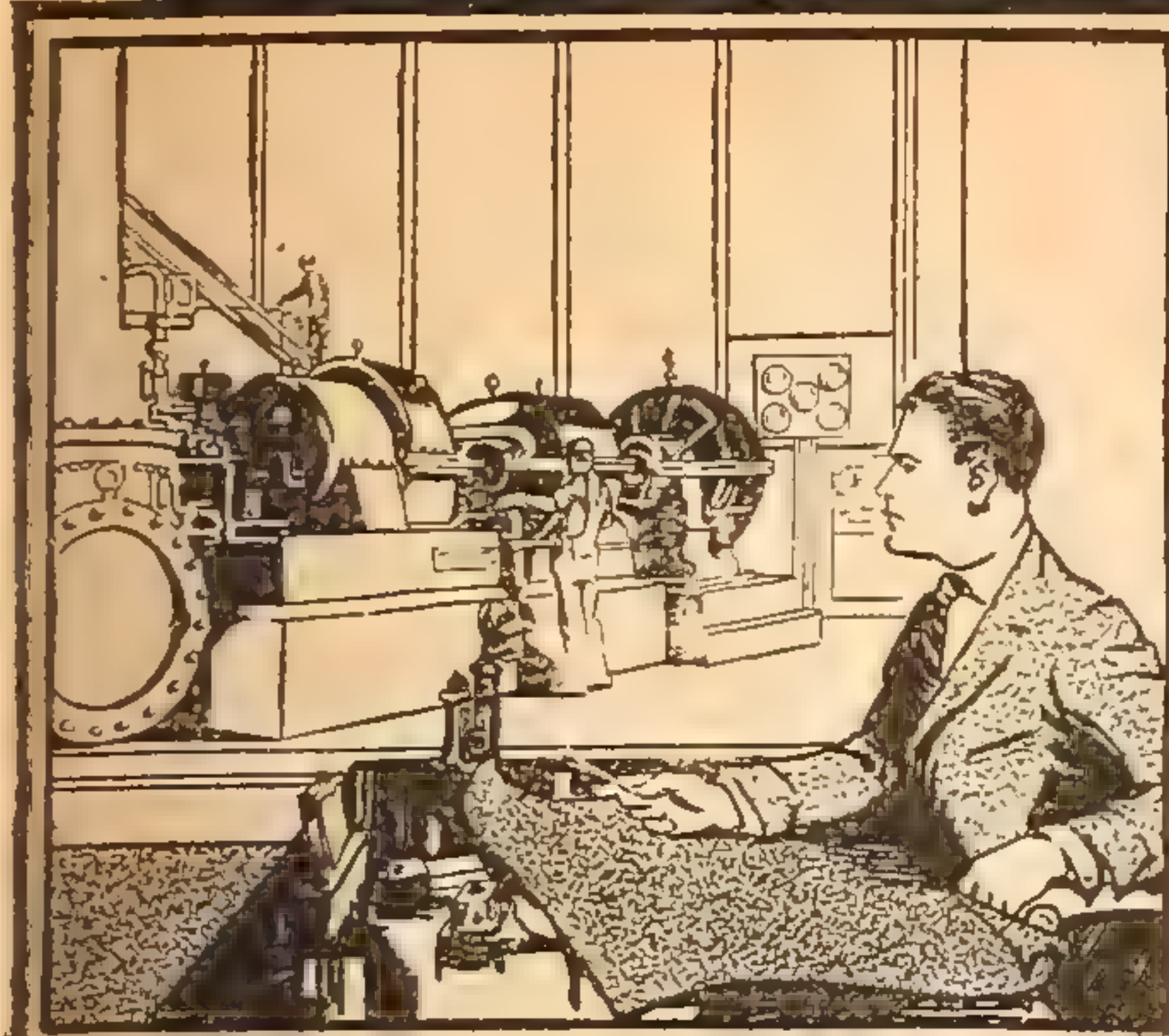
I looked at the list. It held the names of Pola Negri, Viola Dana, Ruth Roland, Jacqueline Logan, George Melford, the director, Wm. S. "Bill" Hart, and Harold Lloyd.

"Your interest will surely be appreciated, Herb. But what's the idea? What are you going to get out of it?" I queried.

"Humph," grunted Herb. "I'll get a lot of satisfaction out of it."

That was that, so I pocketed the check and departed to call on the other stars named in the list. I told each one what Rawlinson had done and of the collegians' project.

"I'll furnish the kitchen," exclaimed petite Viola Dana, "for I



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know how all men like to eat. Have the stuff sent out and send the bill to me. And don't let the newspapers get hold of this. They'd think I was doing it for publicity."

"Eet weel gif me great plezhure to help such boys," was Pola Negri's answer. "I remember when my days were not zo pleasant. Do whateffer you think I should do an' I s'all pay zee bills."

Ruth Roland, known the breadth of the land for her serial escapades and in Hollywood for her canniness in buying and selling real estate as well as for her trouping, said very little.

"It's a great idea. You'll have my check tomorrow," she said.

Jacqueline Logan, a college girl herself, fairly jumped at the chance to furnish a room in the fraternity house, for such it was. She merely mentioned her intention to George Melford, the big Lasky director, who was directing her at the time, and he inquired if he was not down on the list also.

When informed that he was so honored he wrote out his check and tried to drag me to the offices of some of his friends, but I demurred, desirous of sticking to Rawlinson's program.

Harold Lloyd simply reached for his check-book, and Bill Hart did likewise.

"I like to help boys who want to help themselves," Lloyd stated. "Let me know if there is anything else I can do."

"My horse donated something to a farm for worn-out horses yesterday, and I'm doggoned if I'm going to let him beat me," Bill declared with one of his tight-lipped smiles. "Let me know if I can help these boys at any time."

And the deed was done. A fourteen-room house, capable of housing a score of aspiring youngsters working their way through college, was a surety.

Though the stars specifically requested that their charity be kept secret, such a thing is impossible. Brass-plates bearing their names are above the doors to the rooms their generosity made possible and furnish inspiration to all those who are profiting by it. Portraits of the stars grace the walls which will for years be monuments to their kindness.

This is just one instance of the generosity of the movie great. There is hardly a one who does not give and give. Many utilize the community chest fund idea and many are voluntary workers during the

drive which is held each year in Los Angeles.

Much-maligned Mabel Normand is noted for her willingness to extend the helping hand. Pola Negri is educating a number of east side orphans. Mae Murray is an ardent worker for the Hollywood hospital for crippled children. To enumerate those responsible for acts of kindness would require calling the roll of the men and women whom you know as movie stars.

I have spent several years in and about Hollywood and I know it fairly well. There is less cocktail-bibbing there than in several other nearby communities. There is more honest effort and purpose than there is anything else.

The movie great work hard and play hard. They are entitled to it. Their lives are devoted to keeping fit so that they may hold their public and continue to work hard and play hard.

But no matter how hard they work nor how hard they play they always keep one hand free to help some one else and the best part of it is that they obey the Biblical maxim and do not let the right hand know the kindly deeds of the left.



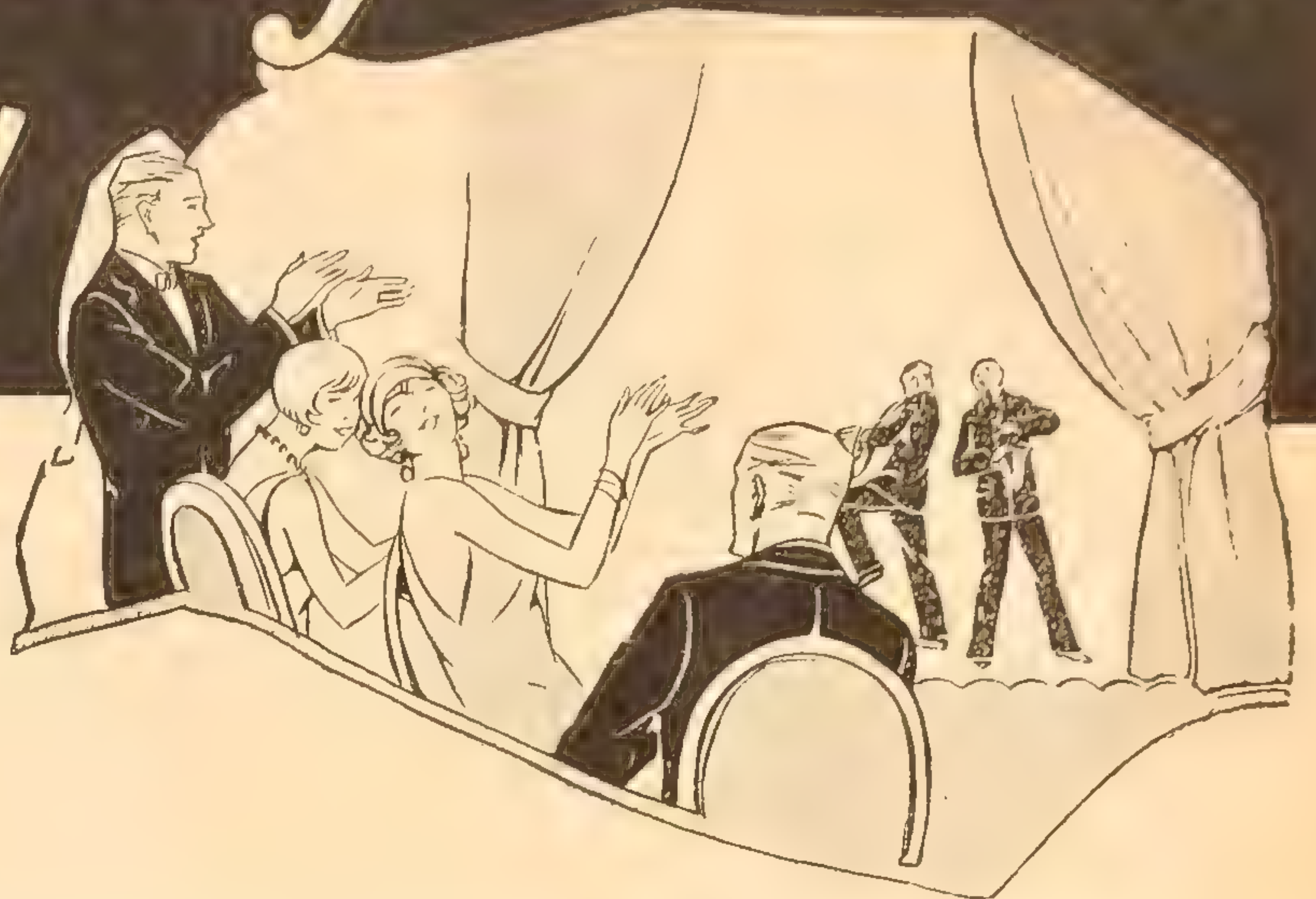
House Peters' new role in "Overboard" brings him to the screen for the first time as a millionaire yachtsman—and he looks the part.

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ACT III Erica Waltz Saxophone Solo Rudy Wiedoeft

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ACT IV Mahina Malamalama Hawaiian Guitars National Hawaiian Players

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ACT V The Owl and the Pussy Cat Male Quartet Music Lovers Male Quartet

This is one of the finest quartet selections ever recorded. You will want to hear this simple, humorous, old-fashioned selection over and over again.

ACT VI Cohen Buys an Auto Comic Monologue Monroe Silver

Many people think "Cohen Buys an Auto" even funnier than "Cohen on the Telephone." It will do more to chase gloom than anything you have ever heard.

ACT VII Herd Girl's Dream Violin, Cello and Piano Trio Played by National Trio

An inspiring musical treat, masterfully arranged and beautifully played by the accomplished artists of the National Trio.

ACT VIII Castle Valse Xylophone Solo Seymour Parks

The Xylophone has always been one of the favorite instruments played at variety shows. In this beautiful selection Mr. Parks thrills you with his mastery of the instrument.

ACT IX Aloha Oe Hawaiian Guitars and Tenor Solo National Hawaiian Players

This is perhaps the most famous of all Hawaiian melodies. Although hundreds have been produced since this was composed none can compare with it. The tenor solo adds to its beauty.

ACT X College Medley Male Quartet Music Lovers Male Quartet

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ACT XIII Llewellyn Waltz Saxophone Solo Rudy Wiedoeft

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When Ronald Colman Kisses (Continued from page 23)

Colman learned in a man's school, but his lesson was the dearness of a girl.

In "The Thief in Paradise," that perfect picture which probably you all have seen, Mr. Fitzmaurice, the director, told this young soldier, now in immaculate clothes, to take to himself the lovely lady of the films, Doris Kenyon. The play had run its course, so he told his leading man to register that he loved her, to show his love by his kiss.

If Ronald Colman is really in love with Doris with a holy wondrous love, then that will serve for an explanation of the scene; but we happen to know that they are simply two talented players—impersonal, adept.

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*"The bravest are the tenderest,
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Mr. and Mrs. Jack
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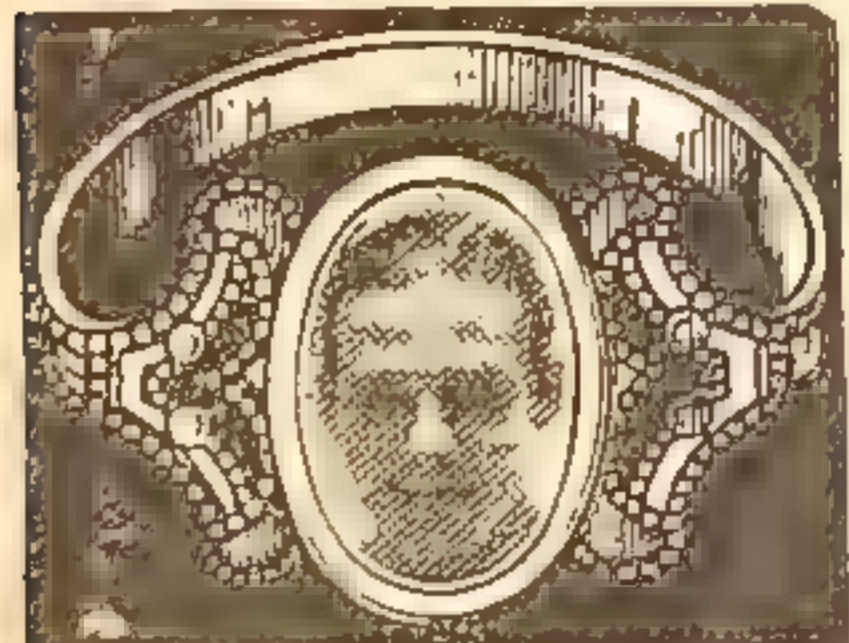
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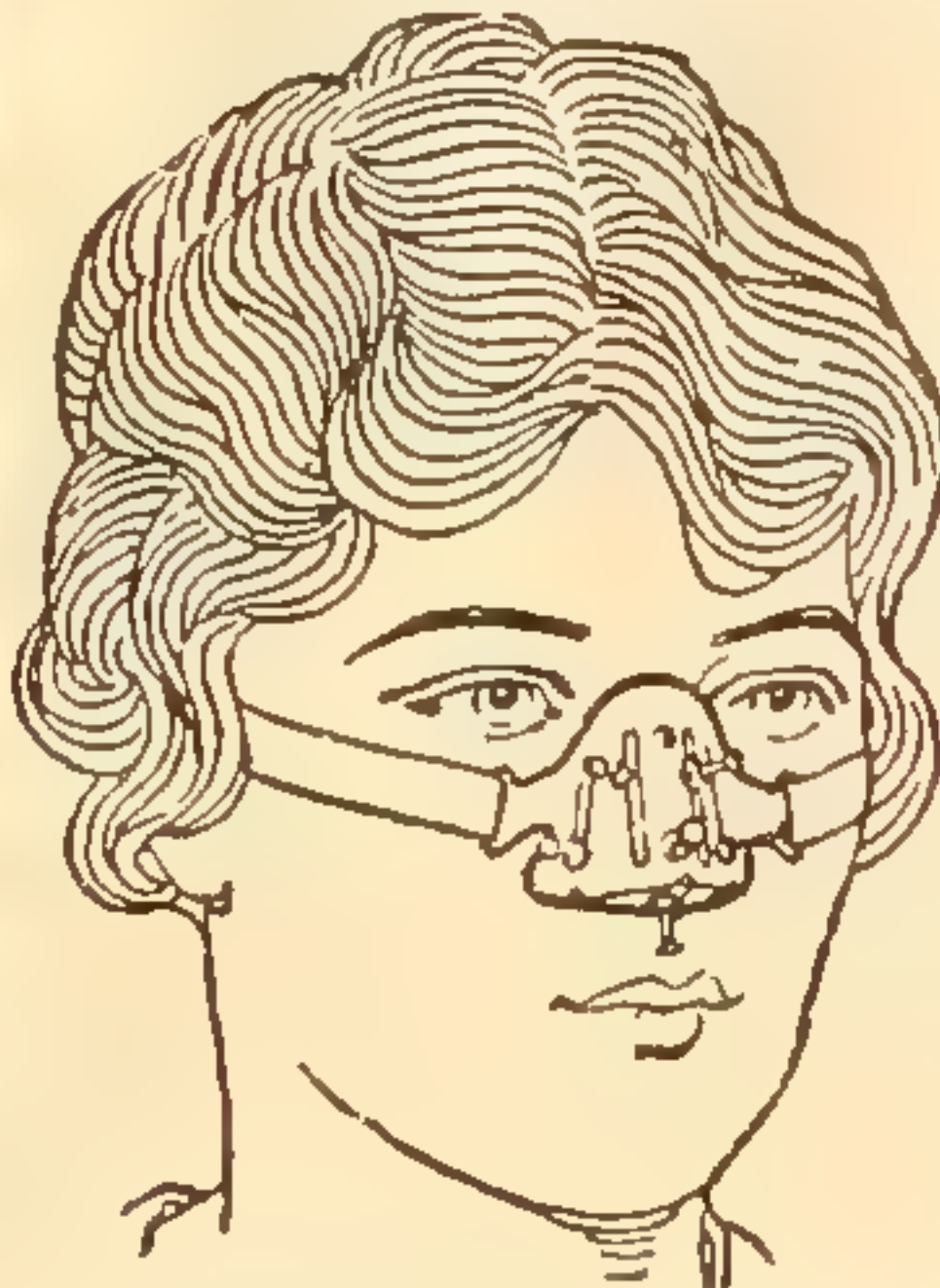
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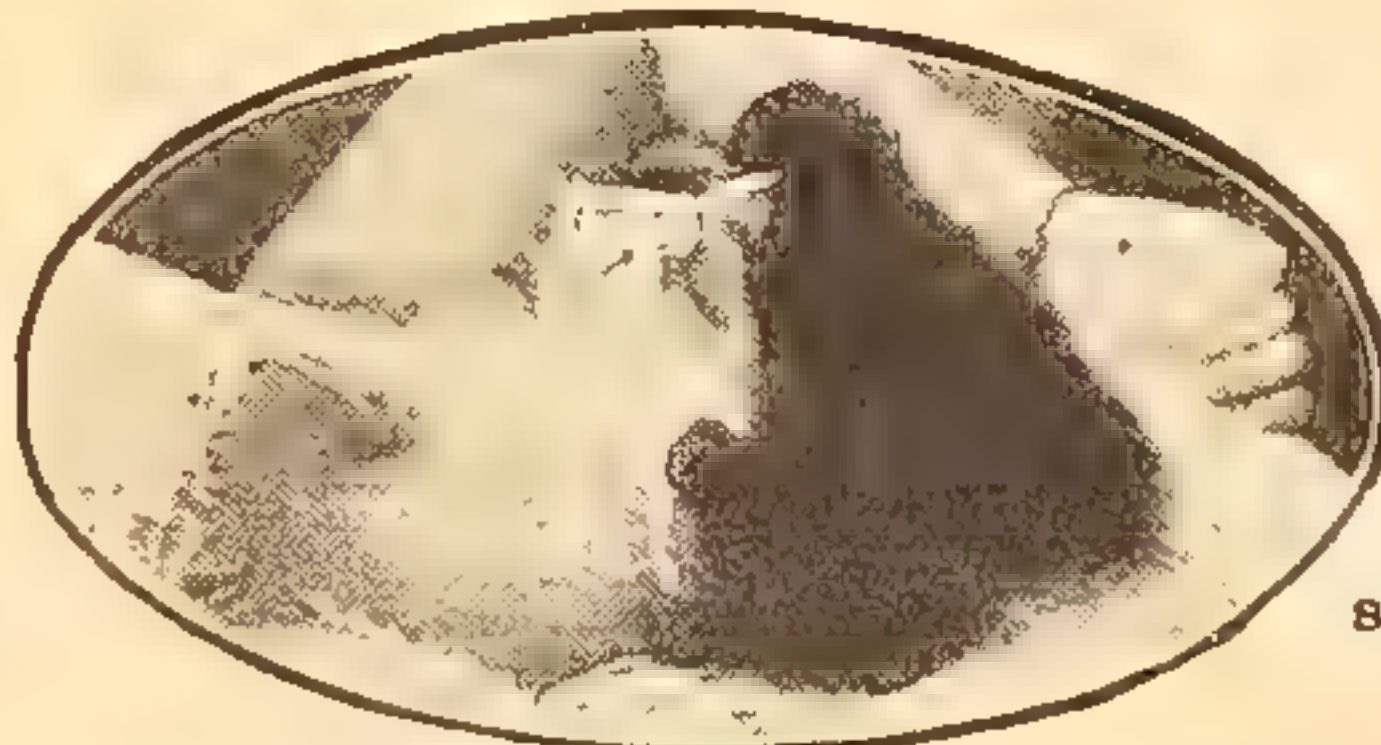
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He Looked Like Hackathorne

—continued from page 21

ing, she questioned, "are you in the movies?"

"Ouch—Yes, I'm in them,"—

"Sorry," she interrupted.

"Sorry to have jabbed you—now that you're in the Movies. Must be great out there. Pretty racy crowd, eh?" and she hurled me a glance that I was sure would take with it every bead of mascara.

"Not any more hectic there than at Punxatawney or Philadelphia or anywhere else. Personally, if you're interested, I'd say that about 95% are little ole domesticated folks. People who work harder than do any other professional group I know!"

"Any chance for a girl in Hollywood?" she continued. "A girl with good looks, I mean."



New York has had dainty Ann Pennington to itself long enough. Now all the world will have its chance to see her in "The Mad Dancer."



¶ Norma Shearer and George K. Arthur as they appear in "Lady of the Night."

"I don't believe there is the premium in beauty, in Hollywood, that existed at one time. Girls in motion pictures must have something else on the ball than beauty—tho beauty, anywhere, is no handicap!"

"Confidentially," she warmed, "isn't it a little fast, 'out there,' in spots?"

"Frankly, when I first saw Hollywood it struck me as being the place that inspired Gray to write his graveyard thing."

"You haven't told me who you are—"

"Guess," we sparred.

She swept me, curiously at first, then more studied. I expected her to get up, pat her hands and ejaculate, "Rin Tin Tin."

"What pictures have you played in?" she was stumped.

"Ever see 'Merry Go Round?'" we quizzed.

"George Hackathorne!" she rather breathed the actor's name, at the same time riveting her gaze upon me.

"Yes," I softly assured her, studying the too-high polish of my nails.

"But you look different on the screen—"

"Yes, so many people tell me. But that, my dear, is the trick of being an actor," I knew, though, that WE didn't fool her entirely. Deep-seated, in that little old heart that no doubt adored the real Hackathorne, in the mind I had not "got-ten over," she somehow felt that I was—applesauce. And I was!

The one time I went over big happened in Kansas City, Mo.

A picture—"Judgment of the Storm"—in which Mr. Hackathorne played, was being shown at one of the city's first-run houses. The

theatre—The Apollo—is operated by a corking chap, a Mr. Finkelstein.

I had reason to want one of the "stills" (of Mr. Hackathorne) and telephoned the Apollo. Yes, the manager was there, the girl would call him.

"Who? Who?—Oh! Mr. Hackathorne. Yes, we've got some 'stills' handy. How many do you desire?"

"Just one, please," I returned.

"Where are you now?" asked Mr. Finkelstein. "Can't you come out—we'd like so much to meet you—"

Here, I thought, was a chance for the supreme test; and, being an adventurous thing, a child of impulse, I condescended: "All right—only have a minute—I'll hop out in a taxi and give you a hello—"

Twenty minutes later a Yellow skittered and skidded in the slush—and yours adventurously hopped out. Two or three pairs of hands were thrust toward me. Honest faces wreathed in smiles, for a fine little fellow whom they had learned to love, beamed frankly. I was taken in tow by the young and pleasant Mr. Finkelstein and introduced to a score of others—this included a very charming, exceedingly pretty, cashier. She, incidentally, might have stepped out of one of the movies—she is that radiant.

My fur lined coat, spats, derby and diamonds—fooled Mr. Finklestein. But, let me quickly add, they were handicapped. They had taken me into a small office; and I had the presence of mind to twist quickly, first to one, then to another. That was escaping exposé.

"I'll cut into one of the reels," suggested the manager, "if you go in and say something."

Down the aisle we went and on



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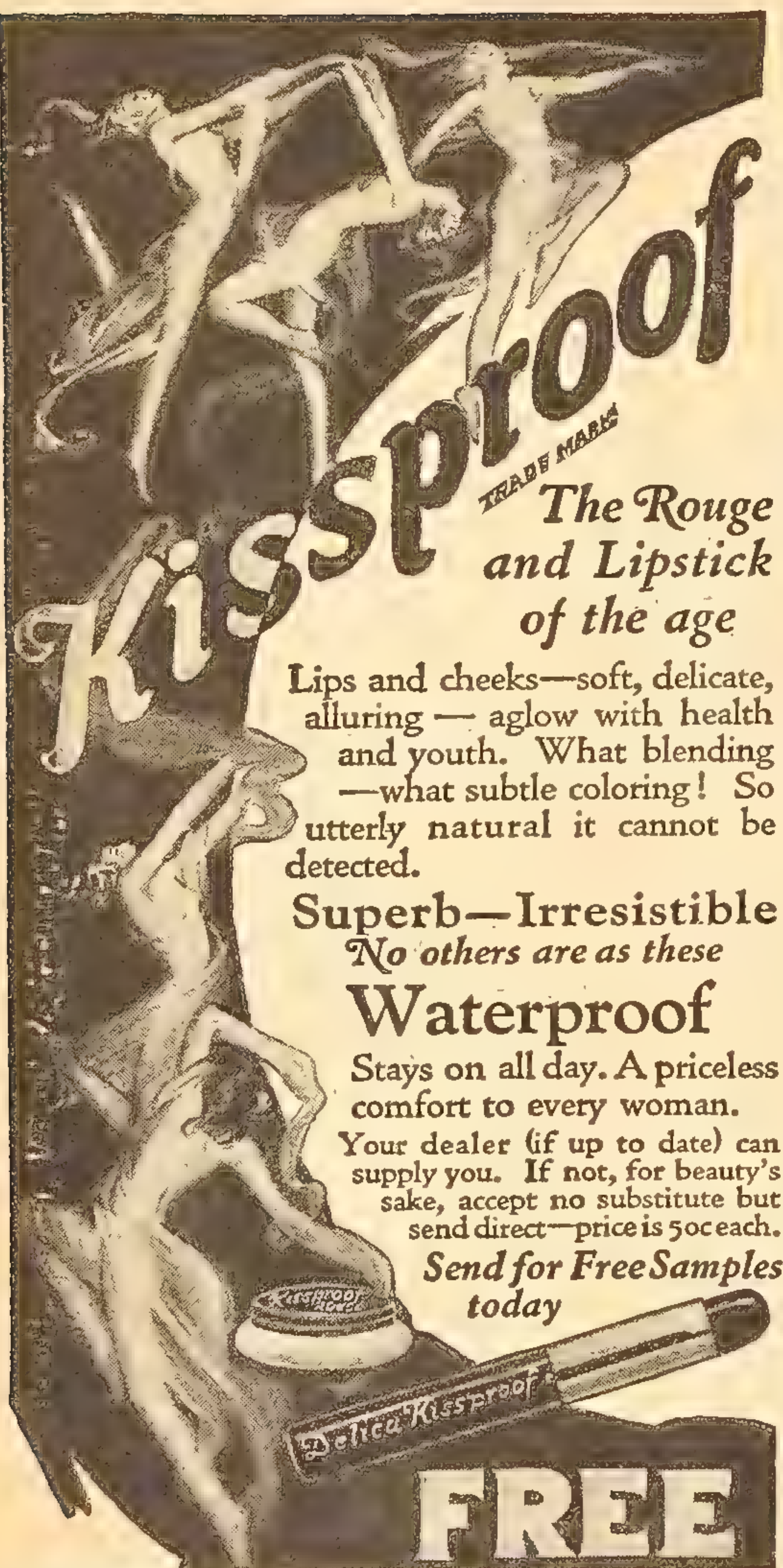
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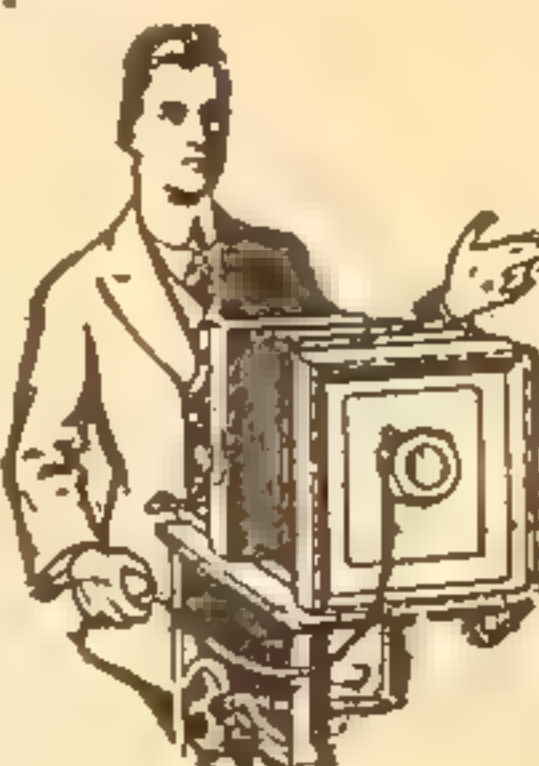
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to the stage. The manager had a surprise for the patrons. He wanted to share the surprise—"Meet our friend and star, Mr. George Hackathorne!" he announced.

My stage experience stood by. I walked to center stage, took off my overcoat, handed it to the manager, saying, "Put it away, Charlie, now that they've seen it and know I've got one—"

The folks cut front giggled.

I prudently assured 'em that my call was a complete surprise to My Friend Mr. Finkelstein—that I was on my way to Europe to make a picture, but that I'd had so many nice letters from Kansas City people, admirers, friends, that I couldn't resist the wish to drop in and tell them so in person.

Amid thunderous applause I hurried off-stage and up the side aisle—I perhaps shook 500 hands before getting out of the theatre. And if George Hackathorne thinks he "isn't made" in Kansas City—well, George, you just go there and do your stuff.

As for pretence—you can't be a pretender, an impostor, and get anywhere. The law of right and wrong, compensation, won't stand for such arrangement.

In my particular case—the police stalked me. I went to the larger cities in this country and to the hide-outs of Canada. To no avail! The story of my 'being on the dodge' is an old one; and the finale is always the same. Apprehension. Arrest.

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made \$20 in a few spare hours; Mrs. J. F. Reilly made \$20 in four hours; Joe Williams, of Texas, makes \$26 a day; Albert Peters, of Kentucky, made \$20 in three hours, \$75 in one week, \$232 in six weeks—yet he works only in the evenings; G. M. Collum, of Alabama, makes \$250 a month working about half his time; Omer Lafreniere made \$15.85 in five hours his first day. These are just a few of the men and women who have found the "ZANOL" proposition tremendously profitable.

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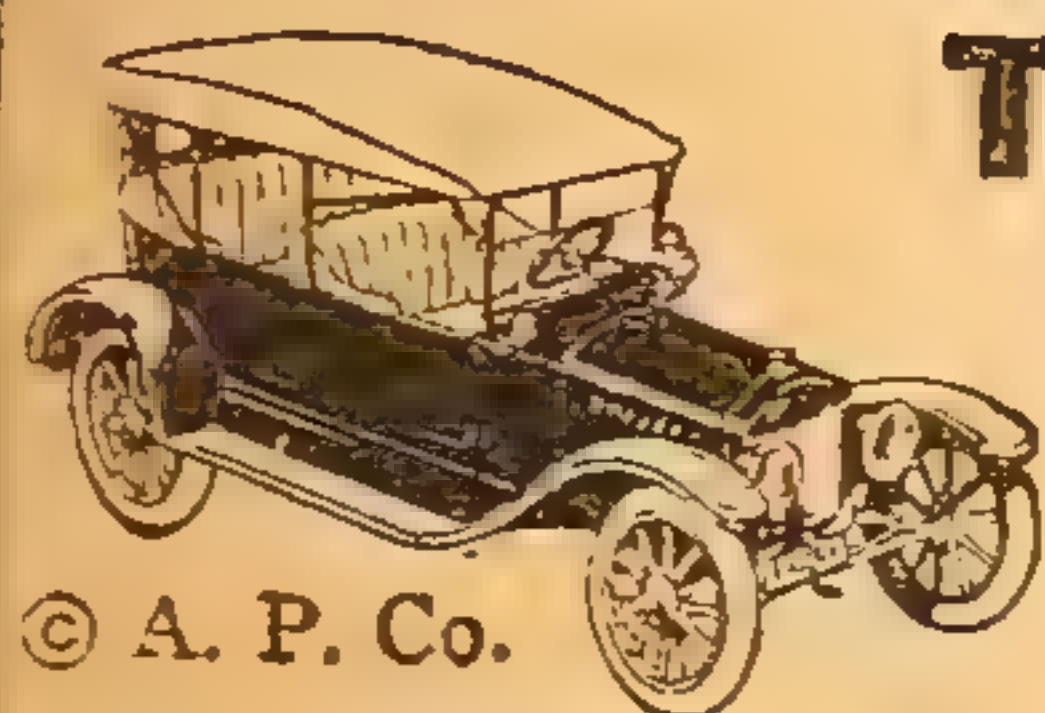
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Go—continued from page 19

letic, beautiful figure. Aided by the dozens of pictures in every imaginable character and pose, that decorated the walls of her private dressing room at the Roach studio.

"Yes," I answered emphatically, "but what else did she do to get that way?"

"Studied with Chalif for five years in his New York school for dancing," started Mrs. Sleeper, who is pleasantness personified. "That was when Mr. Sleeper held an executive position with the B. F. Keith circuit and he used to take Martha . . ."

"Back stage where I saw Pavlova and all the famous actors and actresses," went on Martha, determined to tell her own story. "Then when we went home Daddy made me a real curtain and stage, and I had shows for all the kids in the apartment and made believe that I, too, was a great actress."

Then it seems that Mr. Sleeper was advised to go to Santa Barbara, California, for his health. Soon the family (which includes a very beautiful sister, Annette, two years Martha's senior), were happily located in a typical California bungalow.

But opportunity was beckoning from Hollywood, that city of oft mis-

construed gestures. An exceptionally well developed child of twelve was needed for a part in "The Mail Man." Fate decreed that a relative of the Sleepers, not connected with the industry, should learn of this; he promptly advised that Martha try for the part.

"And I got it the very first thing," bubbled Martha, now the irrepressible kid. "Then Mr. Sennett wanted me . . . and oh . . . it's just too wonderful to be here acting with 'Our Gang' and the 'Spat Family' and all the others. I've been in a lot of rough stunts here, but it is fun because I'm not afraid. But," and there was a straight line of adult determination around the pretty mouth, "I'm surely going to do real drama some day soon." And presto! She had changed in a second from a bubbling kid to a resolute young lady.

So remarkable and convincing are her rapid transitions both in mood and expression that it is perfectly safe to predict that Martha Sleeper, now aged fourteen, will attain the topmost height.

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talent must kick off the covers and coo in the cradle to be in demand for pictures. The new theory is that talent not shown before entering one's teens is negligible.

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As can be proved by a brief page from recent screen history.

With established stars of envied experience clamoring for the part of *Peter Pan*, who was selected? Betty Bronson, seventeen, an almost unknown school girl, whose only knowledge and ambition had been for motion pictures.

Mary Brian, a year younger, came to Los Angeles to study art. She won a newspaper beauty contest and was chosen for the role of *Wendy* in "*Peter Pan*" with nothing to offer except screen possibilities. Long-time contracts with Paramount have resulted from this brief experience for both these girls.

There is Alice Day, selected from a group of school girls to play the daughter of Norma Talmadge in "*Secrets*." Now she is playing leads under a five-year contract with Sennett comedies of the new and better type.

Natalie Kingston ran away from the Dominican convent at San Rafael, California. A brief dancing engagement and the experienced *coup d'oeil* of Mack Sennett landed her to play opposite Ben Turpin in a travesty on "*Romeo and Juliet*," and she is still going strong.

Virginia Lee Corbin, now sixteen, has been nourished on picture pabulum from infancy and is starting to be one of the exploited baby stars of 1925. As are Olive Borden, who arrived via the convent route to the Hal Roach studios; Joan Meredith, making her debut direct to screen by a beauty contest; Virginia Browne Faire, Jobyna Ralston, and others *ad infinitum*.

Coming down a little in the picture age scale we find real juveniles like "*Our Gang*" from the Hal Roach studios. Not to forget Jackie Coogan and Baby Peggy, who have made lasting screen history.

In fact, it almost seems that there is a publicity impetus being given prospective screen stars of the generation, cradle bound though they be.

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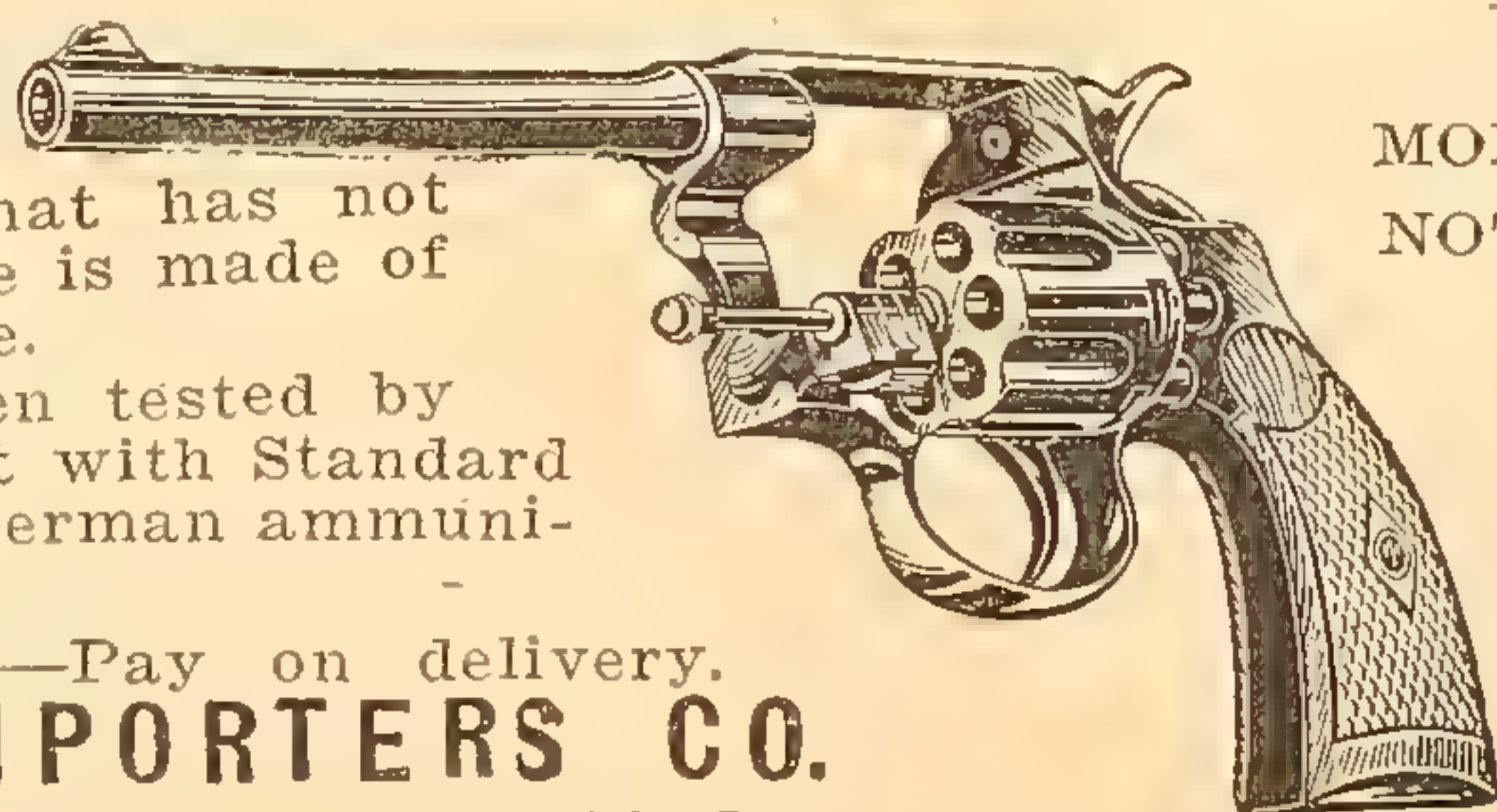
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Even advance publicity for the cinema cradle roll seems quite *comme il faut*, as witness Mrs. Charles Chaplin's announcement of the expected arrival of a baby star next summer.

Potential screen artists, every one. Which but demonstrates the fact that filmdom is preparing them for the camera as young as possible.

And Martha Sleeper, with her versatility and maturity at fourteen, is but a product of the age in which we are living. Just an ambitious attractive girl-woman is she, who will soon be able to say:

"As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,

I lisped in numbers—and the numbers came."

Ben Lyon in Canada.

BEN LYON is finishing work on "The Necessary Evil," which George Archainbaud is directing at First National's New York Studios, for Earl Hudson's Eastern units. He will start later for Banff, Canada, to play in "Winds of Chance" which Frank Lloyd will direct.

His First Story Earns a Fortune—continued from page 17

writers. The Elizabethan Club at New Haven is an old-fashioned structure in which one may smoke clay pipes, gaze at a contemporary portrait of Queen Elizabeth, handle first editions of Shakespeare, and carry on violent arguments on literature or football. There you could find Philip Barry, whose "*The Youngest*" is now playing on Broadway; Richmond Brooks Barrett, whose novel, "*Rapture*," was published last season; Britton Hadden and Harry Luce, editors and proprietors of "Time, Inc."; Robert McClure, of whose story, "The Dominant Blood," Booth Tarkington has such high praise; Wells Root (whose movie criticisms you have often read); Max Foster, Tom Chubb, and Alfred Bellinger, all of whom have published volumes of verse; Walter Millis, now an editorial writer for "The Tribune," and many others a trifle older or a little younger. This outburst of writing talent worried some of the graduates, who feared that Yale would never regain her athletic supremacy, and when it became known that the great "Mac" Aldrich, then Captain of football and baseball, hero in more ways than one, was actually a member of this literary club, the wise-acres raised their hands in horror. The bulldog was in danger of being shorn of his teeth! You couldn't expect young men to read Elizabethan literature and score a touch-down. However, as you may or may not have noticed, the blue teams have survived such influences.

When he left Yale, Hume did not immediately take a job. For a time, he wandered about trying to decide what was the best course for a young man with a great deal of vitality and a desire to write. Now there are lots of young men and women who want to write! They often drift into my office, in numbers as great as ten or twelve a day. They ask for advice, and quite humbly, for one can only analyze the field for them, I give it. For the most part, they think I'm crazy when I say: "Don't go into publishing, or a magazine office, or review books, or do anything that is mildly 'literary'—that is, not if you want to succeed." I have a particularly soft spot in my heart for "Cy" Hume, because he once came for advice, and, strange to say, took it. I don't claim any credit for the results. Hume would

probably have written "*Wife of the Centaur*" if he'd gone into a bank or a bakery. What I told him was, "Get a job as a reporter. It's the quickest way to recover from college. Then, if you want to make an immediate impression in the writing game, sit down and write a novel!"

Hume got a job on the New York World, and in spare hours — and spare they were, for he was a cub — started his book.

Meanwhile, at Vassar, a young lady was writing poetry, and it was being published in the literary magazine there. However, that comes in later in the tale.

Reporting did not irk Hume. He enjoyed it and was pretty good at it; but the urge to create was too strong. He was jealous of the time spent away from his novel. He turned out a number of poems. Some of these, I remember, he sent to me at the time; that they were not printed doesn't mean that they weren't good. I don't remember. Probably they weren't. One day he came into the office. "I want to finish my novel," he said. "Do you think it would be foolish to give up my job and go away to finish it?"

If he wanted to finish his novel as badly as that, his job would suffer, so I naturally advised him to do exactly what he chose. He did. "I'll be back with the manuscript in three months," he said. Do you see what I mean by well-directed work? Hume didn't moon around waiting for inspiration. He knew exactly what he was after, and he accomplished it. In three months he came back with a large box under his arm. It was a beautifully bound, typed copy of "*Wife of the Centaur*." It did not take us long to recognize its merits. It was accepted for publication. One week after publication Metro-Goldwyn had offered the boy \$25,000 for it. The public immediately recognized that here was a story of youth, as vivid as "*This Side of Paradise*," yet totally different in spirit. The beautifully written story of youth's ideals struggling against the flesh, which, after all, is the strongest and commonest of fights, and the most appealing.

At this point in his career this extraordinary youth again proved his sanity. There were many circles in New York City ready to fête him, anxious to meet him. When he had left the "World" to write his book, he had gone to his family at New

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Milford, Connecticut, and had spent what he then called the three happiest months of his life. "For exercise I shoveled snow," he said, "of which there was at all times any quantity lying about; for stimulation I drank tea and read the works of Messrs. Hugo, Irving, Thackeray and Harte; and for nine hours a day I sat between two oil stoves in the attic of the farmhouse where I lived and, with my feet wrapped in an old overcoat, wrote." Here again, with his success calling him to play, he went again, and, surrounded by some of his old friends, celebrated. Not long before this, a short, dark, energetic young lady had come into the offices of the George H. Doran company and applied for a position. She was so obviously ambitious, and her knowledge of literature seemed so good, that she was hired as a reader of manuscripts. One day she rushed into my room with a poem. "Just wrote this. Will you print it?" she gasped. I read it. "I will," said I. Jane Barbara Alexander is a young lady with a purpose. She did her work faithfully, and in every spare moment when she wasn't playing tennis or golf, or dancing, she wrote poems, mostly love poems. When Mr. Hume wrote poems, they were love poems, too. Just who the objects of these effusions were, I did not know. Somehow, I suspected a certain shifting of subject; for although I have drawn my picture of these two young people as very steady and hard-working, they were not without a certain sparkle in the eye, and I am sure that they were both popular as dancing partners, and as companions for any lark where youth and gayety are requisites.

It must have taken a certain amount of bravery for a girl to marry the author of so strenuous a book as "Wife of the Centaur." True, its author had repeatedly affirmed that it was not autobiographical; yet even so, many girls would have paused for thought. Not so Miss Alexander. Shortly after they met, these two young literateurs, they were married. What would they do, their friends asked. Would their temperaments and careers clash? Would they stay in New York's whirl, being praised and dined? Would they retire to the country solitudes of New Milford?

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husband is a successful novelist, she writes far better poetry than he has ever composed, poetry with a touch of fantasy and a gamin, impudent note that gives it great charm. Why should they stay in this country, when money would go so much further in Europe? A question easily answered. They wouldn't. Off they sailed for Italy immediately after their marriage, where they purchased an old Italian villa, Villino La Massa at Candeli near Florence, installed a servant or two, a couple of typewriters, and proceeded to get to work again.

Friends travelling in Italy bring word of them as being industrious and happy. From both I have had poems, and have published examples, still, curiously enough, on the old theme, in "The Bookman." On schedule arrived the manuscript of Mr. Hume's second novel, a story of the struggles of a sensitive youth to gain poise and sanity, in spite of an unfortunate up-bringing. It will amaze readers of the first story. It is totally different. Many consider it a more mature piece of work. Some find it a trifle shocking. At any rate it was written with the same steady force, and the same great vitality. Hume has turned, also, to the short story, and his work is appearing in various of the great popular monthlies.

Success goes to youth's head? That's a dangerous generalization. Can you name me many older and wiser people, to whom great luck such as this has rewarded hard work, who have met it with so much sanity? Cyril Hume can scarcely fail to go toward greater things. He allows nothing to interfere with his dreams, and he does not spend much time re-reaming them when they are visioned. He makes them real. While he is the most striking example of good fortune among our young literary men, he also seems to me to be the best exemplar of that good old New England virtue, common sense!

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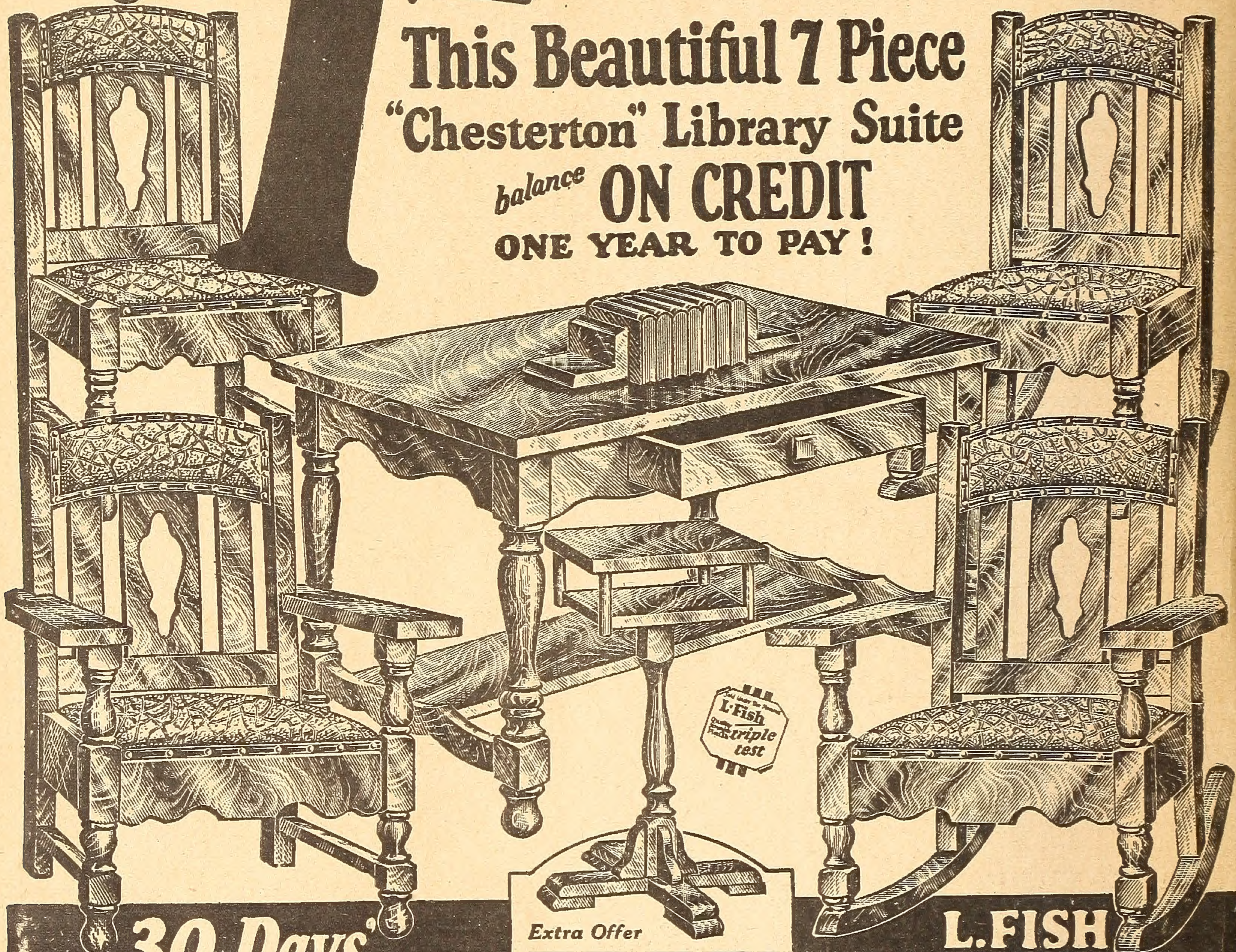


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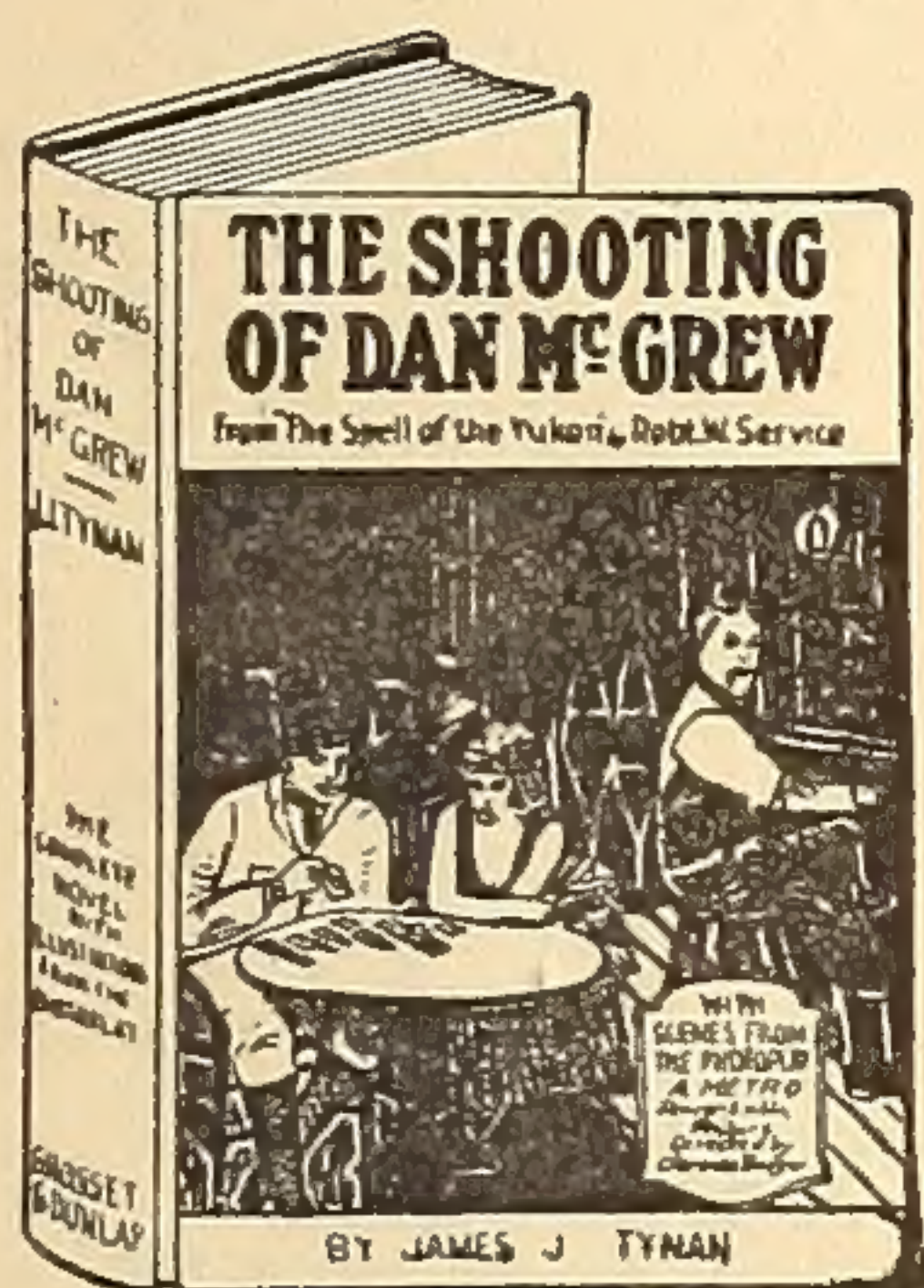


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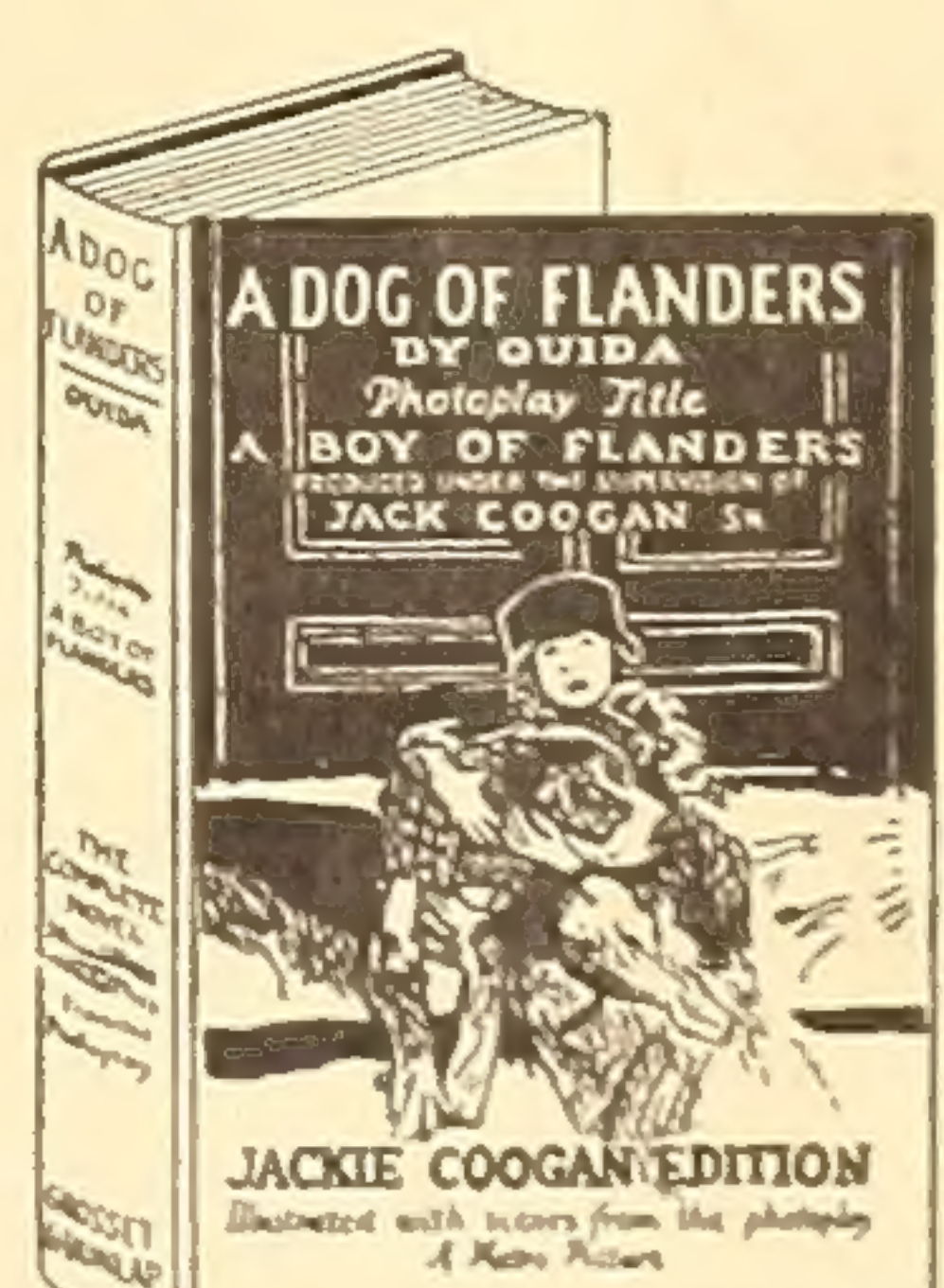
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